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Arabian Nights
ENTERTAINMENTS:
Consisting of
ONE THOUSAND and ONE
STORIES,
TOLD BY

The Sultaneſs of the *Indies*, to divert the Sultan from the Execution of a bloody Vow he had made to marry a Lady every Day, and have her cut off next Morning, to avenge himſelf for the Diſloyalty of his firſt Sultaneſs, &c.

CONTAINING,

A better Account of the Cuſtoms, Manners and Religion of the Eaſtern Nations, *viz.* *Tartars, Perſians* and *Indians*, than is to be met with in any Author hitherto publiſh'd.

Translated into *French* from the *Arabian MSS.* by M. GALLAND, of the Royal Academy; and now done into *English* from the laſt *Paris* Edition.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
Geology of
The Tertiary and Quaternary
STORIES
TOLD BY

The following is a list of the
names of the authors of the
volumes of the series, and of
the subjects of the volumes.
The names of the authors are
given in full, and the subjects
are given in brief.



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the subjects of the volumes.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM
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ARABIAN

Winter-EVENINGS

ENTERTAINMENTS.

VOL. IV.

The Hundred and Thirteenth Night.



EXT Morning, before Day-break, *Dinarzade* awak'd her Sister, who went on as follows. *Bedreddin Hassan*, continued the *Vizier Giasar*, run after *Agib* and the Eunuch, and overtook them before they were got to the Gate of the City. The Eunuch, perceiving he followed them, was extremely surprized; *You impertinent Fellow, you*, said he, with an angry Tone, *What do you want? My dear Friend*, replied *Bedreddin*, *do not you trouble your self: I have a little business out of Town, that's just come into my Head, and I must needs go*

and look after it. However, this Answer did not at all appease the Eunuch, who, turning to *Agib*, said, *This is all along of you, I foresaw I should repent of my Complaisance; you would needs go into the Man's Shop; it was not wisely done in me to give you leave. Perhaps,* replied *Agib, he has real Business out of Town; and the Road is free to every Body.* While this passed, they kept walking together, without looking behind them, till they came near the Vizier's Tents, upon which they turned about to see if *Bedreddin* followed them. *Agib*, perceiving he was within two Paces of him, reddened and whitened alternately, according to the divers Motions that affected him. He was afraid the Grand Vizier, his Grand-father, should come to know he had been in the Pastry-Shop, and had eat there. In this dread, he took up a pretty big Stone that lay at his Foot, and, throwing it at *Bedreddin Hassan*, hit him in the Forehead, which gave him such a Wound that his Face was covered with Blood. Then he took up his Heels and run under the Eunuch's Tents. The Eunuch gave *Bedreddin* to understand, he had no reason to complain of a Misfortune, that he had merited, and brought upon himself.

Bedreddin turned towards the City stanching the Blood of this Wound with his Apron, which he had not put off. I was a Fool, said he within himself, for leaving my House, to take so much Pains upon this Brat; for doubtless he would never have used me after this manner, if he had not thought, I had had some fatal Design against him. When he got home, he had his Wound dressed, and softened the sense of his Misfortune by the Reflection, that there was an infinite Number of People upon the Earth, that were yet more unfortunate than he.

Day peeping in, obliged the Sultaneſs to silence, and *Schahriar* got up pitying *Bedreddin*, and impatient to know the Sequel of the Story.

The Hundred and Fourteenth Night.

TOWARDS the close of the ensuing Night, *Scheherazade*, addressing her self to the Sultan of the *Indies*,

dies, pursued her Story as follows. Sir, the Grand Vizier *Giafar*, continuing the Story of *Bedreddin Hassan*, *Bedreddin*, said he, kept on the Pastry-Trade at *Damascus*, and his Uncle *Schemseddin Mohammed* went from thence three Days after his Arrival. He went by way of *Emaus*, *Hamah*, and *Halep*; then crossed the *Euphrates*, and after passing through *Mardin*, *Moussoul*, *Sengiar*, *Diarbeker*, and several other Towns, arrived at last at *Balsora*; and immediately after his Arrival, desired Audience of the Sultan, who was no sooner informed of *Schemseddin's* Quality, than he gave him Audience, received him very favourably, and asked him the Occasion of his Journey to *Balsora*? Sir, replied the Vizier *Schemseddin Mohammed*, I come to know what is become of the Son of *Noureddin Ali my Brother*, who has had the Honour to serve your Majesty. *Noureddin Ali*, said the Sultan, has been dead a long while; as for his Son, all I can tell you of him, is, that he disappeared all on a sudden, about Two Months after his Father's Death, and no Body has seen him since, notwithstanding all the Enquiry I ordered to be made. But his Mother, who is a Daughter of one of my Viziers, is still alive. *Schemseddin Mohammed* desired leave of the Sultan to see her, and carry her to *Egypt*; and having obtained his Request, without tarrying till the next Day, for the satisfaction of seeing her, enquired after her place of Abode, and that very Hour went to our House, accompanied with his Daughter and his Grand-son.

The Widow of *Noureddin Ali* lived still in the same Place, where her Husband had lived. 'Twas a fine stately House, adorn'd with Marble Pillars: But *Schemseddin* did not stop to view it. At his Entry, he kissed the Gate, and the Piece of Marble upon which his Brother's Name was written in Letters of Gold. He asked to speak with his Sister-in-law, and was told by her Servants, that she was in a small Edifice of the Form of a Dome, which they shewed to him, in the Middle of a very spacious Court. The Matter was, this tender Mother used to spend the greatest part of Day and Night in that Room, which she had built for a Representation of the Tomb of *Bedreddin Hassan*, whom she took to be dead after so long Absence. At that very Minute she pouring Tears over the Thoughts

of that dear Child, and *Schemseddin Mohammed* entering found her buried in the last Affliction.

He made his Compliment, and after beseeching her to suspend her Tears and Groans, gave her to know he had the Honour to be her Brother-in-law, and acquainted her with the Reason of his Journey from *Cairo* to *Balsora*.

These Words were no sooner spoken, than *Scheherazade* drop'd her Story upon the Approach of Day; but resumed the Thread of it next Night in the following manner.

The Hundred and Fifteenth Night.

Schemseddin Mohammed, continued the Vizier *Giasar*, after acquainting his Sister-in-Law with all that passed at *Cairo* on his Daughter's Wedding Night, after informing her of the Surprizal occasioned by the Discovery of the Paper sew'd up in *Bedreddin's* Turban, presented to her *Agib* and the beautiful Lady.

The Widow of *Noureddin Ali*, who had still continued sitting like a Woman moped, and weaned from the Affairs of this World, no sooner understood by his Discourse that her dear Son whom she lamented so bitterly, might still be alive, than she arose, and with repeated Hugs embraced the beautiful Lady, and her Grand-child *Agib*, and, perceiving in the Youth the Features of *Bedreddin*, shed Tears of a quite different Stamp from what she had been so long accustomed to shed. She could not forbear kissing the Youth, who, for his part received her Embraces with all the Demonstrations of Joy he was capable of. *Madam*, said *Schemseddin Mohammed*, it is time to wipe off your Tears, and cease your Groans, you must think of going along with us to Egypt. The Sultan of *Balsora* gives me leave to carry you thither, and I do not doubt but you'll agree to it. I am hopeful we shall at last find out your Son my Nephew; and if that comes to pass, the History of him, of you, of my Daughter, and that of my own Adventures, will deserve to be committed to Writing, and so transmitted to Posterity.

The Widow of *Noureddin Ali* heard this Proposal with Pleasure, and from that very Minute order'd the Preparations to be made for her Departure. While that was a doing,

ing, *Schemseddin Mohammed* desir'd a second Audience, and after taking leave of the Sultan, who used him with ample Marks of Respect, and gave him a considerable Present for himself, and another of great Value for the Sultan of *Egypt*, set out from *Balsora* for the City of *Damascus*.

When he arrived in the Neighbourhood of *Damascus*, he order'd his Tents to be pitched without the Gate, at which he designed to enter the City; and gave out he would tarry there three Days, to give his Equipage Rest, and buy up the best Curiosities he could meet with, and such as were worthy of being presented to the Sultan of *Egypt*.

While he was employed in looking upon and picking out the finest Stuffs, that the principal Merchants had brought to his Tents, *Agib* beg'd the black Eunuch his Governour to carry him through the City, in order to see what he had not leisure to view as he pass'd before; and to know what was become of the Pastry-Cook that he had wounded with a stone. The Eunuch, complying with his Request, went along with him towards the City, after Leave obtained of the beautiful Lady his Mother.

They entered *Damascus* by the Paradise-Gate, which lay next to the Tents of the Vizier *Schemseddin Mohammed*. They walked through the great Squares and the publick Places where the richest Goods were sold, and took a View of the ancient Mosque of the *

Ommiada, at the Hour of Prayer, between † Noon and Sunlet. After that they had pass'd by the Shop of *Bedreddin Hassan*, whom they found still employed in making Cream-Tarts. *I salute you, Sir, says Agib, Do you mind me? Do you remember you ever saw me before?* *Bedreddin*, hearing these Words, cast his Eyes upon him, and knowing him, (Oh the surprizing Effect of Paternal Love!)

found the same Emotion within himself, as when he saw him first of all; he was confus'd upon the Matter, and instead of making an Answer, continued a long time without uttering one Word. But after all, recalling his Wits,

* That is, of the Califfs that reigned after the four first successors of Mahomet, and were so named from one of their Ancestors, whose Name was *Ommiam*.

† This Prayer is always said two Hours and a half before Sunset.

My little Lord, *said he*, be so kind as to come once more with your Governour into my House, and taste a Cream Tart. I beg your Lordship's Pardon for the Trouble I gave you in following you out of Town; I was at that time not my self, I did not know what I did. You dragged me after you, and the Violence of the Pull was so soft that I could not withstand it.

Scheherazade, observing the approaching Day, stopped here; and the next Night resumed her Discourse to the following Purpose.

The hundred and Sixteenth Night.

AGIB, continued the Vizier *Giasar*, astonished at what *Bedreddin* said, replied thus: "There's an Excess in the Kindness you express, and unless you engage under Oath not to follow me when I go from hence, I will not enter into your House. If you give me your Promise, and prove a Man of your Word, I'll visit you again to-morrow, since the Vizier my Grand-father is still employed in buying up Things for a Present to the Sultan of Egypt." "My little Lord, (replied *Bedreddin*) I'll do whatever you would have me to do." This said, *Agib* and the Eunuch went into the Shop.

Presently after, *Bedreddin* set before them a Cream Tart, that was full as good as what they had eat of when they saw him before; "Come, (says *Agib* addressing himself to *Bedreddin*) sit down by me and eat with us." *Bedreddin* sat down, and made Offers to embrace *Agib*, as a Testimony of the Joy he conceived upon his sitting by him. But *Agib* shoved him off; desiring him to be easy, not to run his Friendship too close, and to content himself with seeing and entertaining him. *Bedreddin* obeyed and fell a singing a Song, the Words of which he composed off Hand, in the Praise of *Agib*: He did not eat, but made it his Business to serve his Guests.

* *The Mahometans having a Custom of washing their Hands five times a day, when they go to Prayers, they reckon they have no occasion to wash before eating, but they always wash after eating, because they eat without Forks.*

When they had done eating he brought them Water to * wash with, and a very white Napkin to wipe their Hands. Then he filled a large China Cup with Sher-

bet, and put † snow into it; and offering it to *Agib*, “This (said he) “ is Sherbet of Roses; and the “ pleafantest you’ll meet with all “ the Town over; I am fure “ you never tafled better.” *A-*

† *This is done all the Levant over, for making their drink cool.*

gib having drunk of it with Pleafure, *Bedreddin Haffan* took the Cup from him, and prefented it to the Eunuch, who drunk it all off at one Pull.

In fine, *Agib* and his Governor, having fared well, returned Thanks to the Pastry-Cook for their good Entertainment, and moved Homewards, it being then latifh. When they arrived at the Tents of *Schemfeddin Mohammed*, they repaired immediately to the Lady’s Tent. *Agib*’s Grand-mother received him with Transports of Joy: Her Son *Bedreddin* run always in her Mind, and in embracing *Agib*, the Remembrance of him drew Tears from her Eyes. *Ah, my Child!* fald fhe, *my Joy would be perfect, if I had the Pleafure of embracing your Father Bedreddin Haffan, as I now embrace you.* Then, fitting down to Supper, fhe made *Agib* fit by her, and put feveral Questions to him relating to the Walk he had been taking along with the Eunuch, and, complaining of his forry Stomach, gave him a Piece of Cream Tart, which fhe had made for her felf, and was indeed very good; for, I told you before, fhe could make them better than the beft Pastry-Cooks. She likewife gave fome to the Eunuch; but both of them had eat fo heartily at *Bedreddin*’s Houfe that they could not tafte a bit.

Here approaching Day put a ftop to *Schemfeddin*’s Story for this Night; but towards the clofe of the next, fhe refumed it in the following Terms.

The Hundred and Seventeenth Night.

A *Gib* no fooner touched the Piece of Cream Tart that had been fet before him, than he pretended he did not like it, and left it uncut; and *Schaban** (fuch was the Eunuch’s Name) did the fame thing. The Widow of *Noureddin Ali* obferved with regret, that her Grand-

* *The Mahometans give this Name generally to the black Eunuchs.*

fon

son did not like the Tart: What! *Says she*, does my Child thus despise the Work of my Hands; be it known to you, no one in the World can make such Cream Tarts besides my self, and your Father *Bedreddin Hassan*, whom I my self taught to make them. My good Mother, replied *Agib*, give me leave to tell you, if you do not know how to make better, there's a Pastry-Cook in this Town, that goes beyond you in that Point. We were at his Shop but now, and eat of one that is much better than yours.

This said, the Grand-mother, frowning upon the Eunuch, How now! *Schaban*, (*said she*) was the Care of my Grand-child committed to you, to carry him to eat at Pastry-Shops, like a Beggar? Madam, replied the Eunuch, 'tis true, we did stop a little while and talked with the Pastry-Cook, but we did not eat with him. Pardon me, says *Agib*, we went into his Shop, and there eat a Cream Tart. Upon this, the Lady more incensed against the Eunuch than before, rose in a passion from the Table, and running to the Tent of *Schemseddin Mohammed*, informed him of the Eunuch's Crime, and that in such Terms, as tended more to inflame the Vizier, than dispose him to excuse it.

Schemseddin Mohammed, who was naturally passionate, did not fail upon this Occasion to display his Anger. He went forthwith to his Sister-in-Law's Tent, and making up to the Eunuch, What! says he, you pitiful Wretch, have you the Impudence to abuse the Trust I repose in you. *Schaban*, though sufficiently convicted by *Agib's* Testimony, denied the Fact still. But the Child persisting in what he had affirmed, Grandfather, *said he*, I can assure you we not only eat, but we eat both of us so heartily, that we have no occasion for Supper: Besides, the Pastry-Cook treated us also with a great Bowl of *Sherbet*. Well, cried *Schemseddin*, turning to *Schaban*, after all this, will you deny that you entred the Pastry-Cook's House, and eat there? *Schaban* had still the Impudence to swear it was not true. Then you're a Liar, said the Vizier, I believe my Grand-child before I believe you: But after all, *says he*, if you can eat up this Cream Tart that's upon the Table, I shall be perswaded you have Truth on your Side.

Tho' *Schaban* before, he agreed took a Piece of Tart was obliged to spit sued the Lye, and pro Day before, so that he The Vizier irritated with tences, and convinced of upon the Ground, and to be dergoing this Punishment, the prodigiously, and at last confessed the he, that he did eat a Cream Tart at the Pastry-Cook's, and that it was much better than that upon the Table.

The Widow of *Noureddin Ali* thought it was out of Spite to her, and with a Design to mortify her, that *Schaban* commended the Pastry-Cook's Tart; and accordingly said, I can't believe the Cook's Tarts are better than mine; I am resolved to satisfy my self upon that Head; Where does he live? Go immediately and buy me one of his Tarts. The Eunuch, having received of her what Money was sufficient for that Purpose, repaired to *Bedreddin's* Shop, and addrested himself to *Bedreddin*, Good Mr. Pastry-Cook, says he, take this Money here, and let me have one of your Cream Tarts; one of our Ladies wants to taste of them. *Bedreddin* chose one of the best, and gave it to the Eunuch, Take this, says he, I'll engage 'tis an excellent one, and I can assure that no Person is able to make the like, unless it be my Mother, who perhaps is still alive.

Schaban returned speedily to the Tents, and gave the Tart to *Noureddin's* Widow, and she snatching it greedily broke a piece off, but no sooner put it to her Mouth, than she cried out and swooned away. *Schemseddin Mohammed*, who was present, was extreamly surprized at the Accident: He threw Water himself upon her Face, and was very active in succouring her. As soon as she came to her self, My God! cried she, it must needs be my Son, my dear *Bedreddin*, that made this Tart.

Here Day-light interrupted *Scheherazade*; and the *Indian* Sultan got up to say his Prayers, and go to the Council. The next Night the Sultaneß pursued the Story of *Bedreddin Hassan* in the following Manner.

The

...nth Night.

Mohammed heard his Maker of the Tart, ...eds be *Bedreddin Hassan*, ...ting that his Joy might ...likelihood the Conjecture of ...alse, Madam, said he, why are you think there may not be a Pastry-Cook in the world, that knows how to make Cream Tarts as well as your Son? I own, replied she, there may be Pastry-Cooks that can make as good Tarts as he; but forasmuch as I make them after a peculiar manner, and no Body but my Son is let into the Secret, it must absolutely be he that made this. Come, my Brother, added she in a Transport, let's call up Mirth and Joy; we have at last found what we have been so long looking for. Madam, said the Vizier in Answer, I treat you to moderate your Impatience, for we shall quickly know the bottom of it. All we have to do is to bring the Pastry-Cook hither; and then you and my Daughter will readily distinguish whether 'tis *Bedreddin* or not. But you must both be hid, so as to have a View of *Bedreddin* while he cannot see you; for I would not have our Interview and mutual Discovery laid at *Damascus*. My Design is to delay the Discovery till we return to *Cairo*, where I propose to regale you with very agreeable Diversion.

This said, he left the Ladies in their Tent, and retired to his own; where he called for Fifty of his Men, and said to them; "Take each of you a Stick in your Hands, and follow *Schaban*, who will conduct you to a Pastry-Cook's in this City. When you arrive there, break and dash in pieces all you find in the Shop: If he asks you why you commit that Disorder, only ask him again if it was not he that made the Cream Tart, that was brought from his House. If he says he is the Man, seize his Person, fetter him, and bring him along with you; but take care you do not beat him, nor do him the least Harm. Go and lose no Time.

The

The Vizier's Orders were immediately executed. The Detachment, conducted by the black Eunuch, went with Expedition to *Bedreddin's* House, and broke in pieces the Plates, Kettles, Copper-Pans, Tables, and all the other Moveables and Utensils they met with, and drowned the Sherbet-Shop with Cream and Comfits. *Bedreddin*, astonished at the sight, said with a pitiful Tone, "Pray, good People, why do you serve me so? What's the Matter? What have I done?" "Was it not you, said they) that sold this Eunuch the Cream Tart?" Yes, (replied he) I am the Man: And who says any thing against it? I defy any one to make a better." Instead of giving him an Answer, they continued to break all round them, and the Oven it self was not spared.

In the mean time the Neighbours took the Alarm, and surprized to see fifty armed Men commit such a Disorder, asked the Reason of such Violence; and *Bedreddin* said once more to the Actors of it, "Pray tell me what Crime I am guilty of, to have deserved this Usage? Was it not you, (replied they) that made the Cream Tart you sold to the Ennuch?" Yes, yes, it is I, (replied he) I maintain it is a good one, I do not deserve such Usage as you give me." However, without listening to him, they seized his Person, and, snatching the Cloath off his Turban, tied his Hands with it behind his Back, and, after dragging him by Force out of his Shop, marched off.

The Mob gathering, and taking Compassion of *Bedreddin*, took his Part, and offered Opposition to *Schemseddin's* Men; but that very Minute up came some Officers from the Governor of the City who dispersed the People, and favoured the carrying off of *Bedreddin*; for *Schemseddin Mohammed* had in the mean time gone to the Governor's House, to acquaint him with what Orders he had given, and to demand the Interposition of Force to favour the Execution; and the Governor, who commanded all *Syria* in the Name of the Sultan of *Egypt*, was loth to refuse any thing to his Master's Vizier. So *Bedreddin* was carried off after all his Cries and Tears.

Day appearing, *Scheherazade*, could proceed no farther, till next Morning that she went on as follows.

The Hundred and Nineteenth Night.

SIR, the Vizier *Giasar* continued his Relation to the Califf in this Manner. It was needless for *Bedreddin Hassan* to ask by the way, those who carried him off, what Fault had been found with his Cream Tart: They gave him no Answer. In short they carried him to the Tents, and made him stay there till *Schemseddin Mohammed* returned from the Governor of *Damascus* his House.

Upon the Vizier's Return, *Bedreddin Hassan* was brought before him. "My Lord, (says *Bedreddin* with Tears in his Eyes) Pray do me the Favour to let me know wherein I have displeased you." Why, you Wretch you, (said the Vizier) was it not you that made the Cream Tart you sent me? "I own I am the Man, (replies *Bedreddin*) but pray what Crime in that?" "I will punish you according to your Deserts, (said *Schemseddin*) it shall cost you your Life, for sending me such a sorry Tart." Good God! (cried *Bedreddin*) what News is this! Is it a capital Crime to make a bad Cream Tart, Yes, (said the Vizier) and you are to expect no other Usage from me."

While this Interview lasted, the Ladies who were hid, minded *Bedreddin* narrowly, and readily knew him, notwithstanding he had been so long absent. They were so transported thereupon with Joy, that they swooned away; and when they recovered would fain have run up and fallen upon *Bedreddin's* Neck, but the Promise they had made to the Vizier of not discovering themselves, restrained the tender Motions of Love and of Nature.

Schemseddin Mohammed, having resolved to set out that very Night, ordered the Tents to be struck, and the necessary Preparations to be made for his Journey. And as for *Bedreddin*, he order'd him to be clap'd into a Chest or Box well locked, and laid on a Cammel. When every thing was got ready, the Vizier and his Retinue began their March, and travelled the rest of that Night, and all the next Day without stopping. In the Evening they halted, and *Bedreddin* was taken out of his Cage, in order to be served with the necessary Refreshments, but still

care-

carefully kept at a Distance from his Mother and his Wife; and during the whole Expedition, which lasted twenty Days, was he served in the same Manner.

When they arrived at *Cairo*, they encamped in the Neighbourhood of that Place; and *Schemseddin* called for *Bedreddin*, gave Orders in his Presence, to a Carpenter to see for some Wood with all Expedition, and make a Stake. Heyday, says *Bedreddin*, what do you mean to do with a Stake? Why, to nail you to it, replied *Schemseddin*, and then to have you carried through all the Quarters of the Town, that the People may have the Spectacle of a worthless Pastry-Cook, who makes Cream Tarts without Pepper. This said, *Bedreddin* cried out so comically, that *Schemseddin* had enough to do to keep his Countenance: Good God, cried he, must I suffer a Death, as cruel as 'tis ignominious, for not putting Pepper in a Cream Tart?

At this Period, *Scheherazade* stopt at the approach of Day: And *Schakriar* rose, laughing at *Bedreddin*'s Fright, and curious to know the Sequel of the Story, which the Sultaneſs pursued next Night before Day as follows.

The Hundred and Twentieth Night.

SIR, the Califf *Haroun Alraschid*, notwithstanding his Gravity, could not forbear laughing when the Vizier *Giafar* told him, that *Schemseddin Mohammed* threatned to put to Death *Bedreddin*, for not putting Pepper into the Cream Tart he had sold to *Schaban*. How, said *Bedreddin*, must I be rifled and have all my Goods in my House broken to pieces, must I be imprisoned in a Chest, and at last nailed to a Stake, and all for not putting Pepper in a Cream Tart! Good God, who ever heard of such a Thing? Are these the Actions of Musselmen, of Persons that make a Profession of Probity and Justice, and practise all manner of good Works? With these Words he shed Tears, and then renewing his Complaint, No, continued he, never was Man used so unjustly, nor so severely. Is it possible they should be capable of taking a Man's Life for not putting Pepper in a Cream Tart. Cursed be all Cream Tarts, as well as the

Hour

Hour in which I was born! Would to God I had died that Minute.

Disconsolate *Bedreddin* did not cease to spin out his Lamentations; and when the Stake was brought, and the Nails to nail him to it, he cried out bitterly at the horrid Sight. Heaven! said he, can you suffer me to die an ignominious and painful Death? And all this, for what Crime? 'Tis not for Robbery or Murder, or renouncing my Religion; but for not putting Pepper in a Cream Tart.

Night being then pretty far advanced, the Vizier *Schemseddin Mohammed* ordered *Bedreddin* to be clapt up again in his Cage, saying to him, Stay there till to Morrow; the Day shall not be spent before I give Orders for your Death. Then the Chest or Cage was carried away and laid upon the Camel that had brought it from *Damascus*: At the same time, all the other Camels were loaded again; and the Vizier mounting his Horse, ordered the Camel that carried his Nephew to march before him, and so entred the City, with all his Equipage at his back. After passing thro' several Streets, where no body appeared, every one being in Bed, he arrived at his House, where he ordered the Chest to be taken down, but not opened till further Orders.

While his Retinue were unloading the other Camels, he took *Bedreddin's* Mother and his Daughter aside; and addressed himself to the latter; God be praised, said he, my Child, for this happy Occasion of meeting your Cousin and your Husband. You remember to be sure what Order your Chamber was in on your Wedding Night: Go and put everything in the very same Order they were then in; and in the mean time, if your Memory do not serve you, I can supply it by a written Account, which I caused to be taken upon that Occasion: As for what else is to be done, I will take care of that.

The beautiful Lady went joyfully about her Father's Orders; and he at the same time began to put the Things in the Hall in the same Order they were in when *Bedreddin Hassan* was there with the Sultan of Egypt's Hump'd-back'd Groom. As he went over his Manuscript, his Domesticks placed every Moveable accordingly. The Throne was not forgot, nor yet the lighted Wax-Candles. When every thing was put to rights in the Hall, the

the Vizier went into his Daughter's Chamber, and put in their due Place *Bedreddin's* Cloaths with the Purse of Sequins. This done, he said to the beautiful Lady, *Undress your self, my Child, and go to Bed. As soon as Bedreddin enters your Room, complain of his being from you so long, and tell him, that when you awaked you were astonished you did not find him by you. Press him to come to Bed again; and to Morrow Morning you will divert your Mother-in-Law and me, in telling us what passes between you and him this Night.* This said, he went from his Daughter's Apartment, and left her to undress her self and go to Bed.

Scheherazade would have gone on with her Story, but Day approaching obliged her to discontinue it.

The hundred and Twenty First Night.

TOWARDS the close of the next Night, the Sultan of the *Indies*, who was mighty impatient to know where the Story of *Bedreddin* should end, awaked *Scheherazade* himself, and bid her go on with it, which accordingly she did in the following Terms. *Schemseddin Mohammed*, said the Vizier *Giafar* to the Califf, ordered all his Domesticks to depart the Hall, excepting two or three, whom he ordered to stay there. These he commanded to go and take *Bedreddin* out of the Chest, to strip him to his Shirt and Drawers, to conduct him in that Condition to the Hall, to leave him there all alone, and to shut the Door upon him.

Bedreddin Hassan, tho' over-whelmed with Grief, had been asleep all the while; insomuch that the Vizier's Domesticks had taken him out of the Chest, and stripped him before he waked; and carried him so suddenly into the Hall, that they did not give him time to bethink himself where he was. When he found himself all alone in the Hall, he looked round him, and the Objects of his Sight recalling to his Memory the Circumstances of his Marriage, he perceived with Astonishment that it was the same Hall, where he had seen the Sultan's Groom of the Stables. His Surprise was still the greater, when approaching softly to the Door of a Chamber which he found open, he spied within his own Cloaths, in the same Place where he remembered

to have left them on his wedding-Night. My God! said he, rubbing his Eyes, am I asleep, or awake?

The beautiful Lady, who in the mean time was diverting her self with his Astonishment, opened the Curtains of her Bed, all on a sudden, and bending her Head forward, My dear Lord, said she, with a soft and tender Air, what do you do at the Door? Prithce come to Bed again! You have been out of bed a long time. I was strangely surprized when I awaked, in not finding you by me. *Bedreddin Hassan's* Countenance changed, when he perceived that the Lady who spoke to him, was the charming Person that he had lain with before; so he entered the Room, but calling up the Thoughts of all that had passed for a Ten Years Interval, and not being able to perswade himself that it could all have happened in the Compass of one Night, he went to the Place where his Cloaths lay, and the Purse of *Sequins*, and after examining them very carefully, By the Living God, cried he, these are Things that I can by no means comprehend! The Lady, who was pleased to see his Confusion, said, Once more my Lord, come to Bed again, what do you stand at? Then he stepped towards the Bed, and said to her, Pray Madam tell me is it long since I left you? The Question, answered she, surprizes me! Did not you rise from me but now? Sure your Thoughts are very busy. "Madam, (replied *Bedreddin*) I do assure you my Thoughts are not very easy. I remember indeed to have been with you, but I remember at the same time that I have lived since Ten Years at *Damascus*. Now if I was actually in Bed with you this Night, I cannot have been from you so long. These two Things are inconsistent. Pray tell me what to think; whether my Marriage with you is an Illusion, or whether my Absence from you is only a Dream." Yes, my Lord, (cried she) doubtless you were light-headed when you thought you were at *Damascus*." Upon this *Bedreddin* laughed out heartily, and said, "What a comical Fancy is this; I assure you, Madam, this Dream of mine will be very pleasant to you. Do but imagine, if you please, that I was at the Gate of *Damascus* in my Shirt and Drawers, as I am here now; that I entred the Town with the Hal-low of a Mob that follow'd and insulted me; that I fled to a Pastry Cook's, who adopted me, taught me his Trade,

" and

" and left me all he had when he died; that after his Death
 " I kept a Shop. In fine, Madam, I had an Infinity of o-
 " ther Adventures, too tedious to recount; and all I can
 " say, is, That 'twas not amiss that I awaked, for they were
 " a going to nail me to a Stake. Oh Lord! and for what?
 " cried the Lady, feigning Astonishment, would they have
 " used you so cruelly? Sure you must have committed
 " some enormous Crime. " Not in the least, (replied *Bed-*
 " *reddin*) it was for nothing in the World but for a meer
 " Trifle, the most ridiculous Thing you can think of. All
 " the Crime I was charged with, was selling a Cream Tart
 " that had no Pepper in it." As for that matter, said the
 " beautiful Lady, laughing heartily, I must say they did you
 " great Injustice. " Ah! Madam (replied he) that is not all.
 " For this cursed Cream Tart was every thing in my Shop
 " broke to pieces, my self bound and fettered, and flung
 " into a Chest, where I lay so close, that methinks I am
 " there still. In fine, a Carpenter was called for, and he
 " was ordered to get ready a Stake for me. But, Thanks
 " be to God, all those Things are no more than a Dream.

At this Period the Approach of Day obliged *Scheherazade*
 to stop. *Schahriar* could not forbear laughing at *Bedreddin*
 for taking a real Thing for a Dream. I must own, said he,
 this is a pleasant Story, and I am perswaded that to Morrow
Schemseddin Mohammed and his Sister-in-Law will be ex-
 tremely pleased with it. Sir, replied the Sultaness, that I
 shall have the Honour to acquaint you with to Morrow, if
 you suffer me to live so long. Upon that the Sultan rose
 without saying one Word: But he had no mind to cut her
 off till he had heard the Story out.

The hundred and Twenty Second Night.

Scheherazade waking before Day, went on as follows,
 Sir, *Bedreddin* was not easy all Night. He waked from
 time to time, and put the Question to himself, whether
 he dreamed, or was awake: He distrusted his Felicity; and
 to be sure whether it was true or not, open'd the Curtains,
 and looked round the Room. I am not mistaken, sure,
 said he, this is the same Chamber where I entred instead of
 the Hunch-back'd Groom of the Stable; and I am now in
 Bed with the fair Lady that was designed for him. Day-
 Light

Light which then appeared, had not yet dispelled his Uneasiness, when the Vizier *Schemseddin Mohammed* his Uncle knocked at the Door, and at the same time went in to bid him Good-Morrow.

Bedreddin Hassan was extremely surprized to see, all on a sudden, a Man that he knew so well, and that now appeared, with a quite different Air, from that with which he pronounc'd the terrible Sentence of Death against him. Ah! cried *Bedreddin*, it was you that condemned me so unjustly, to a manner of Death, the Thoughts of which make me shrink still, and all for a Cream Tart without Pepper. The Vizier fell a laughing, and, to put him out of Suspence, told him, how, by the Ministry of a Genius, for *Bossu's* Relation had made him suspect the Adventure) he had been at his House, and had married his Daughter instead of the Sultan's Groom of the Stables; then he acquainted him that he had discovered him to be his Nephew by a Book written by the Hand of *Nouredin Ali*; and pursuant to that Discovery had gone from *Cairo* to *Balsora* in quest of him. " My dear Nephew, (added he with Embraces and all the Marks of Tenderneſs) I ask you Pardon, for all I have made you undergo since I discovered you. I had a Mind to bring you to my House before I told you your Happiness, which ought now to be so much the dearer to you, that it has cost you so much Perplexity and Affliction. To atone for all your Afflictions, comfort yourself with the Joy of being in Company of those, who ought to be dearest to you. While you are dressing your self, I'll go and acquaint your Mother, who is beyond Measure impatient to see you; and will likewise bring your Son to you, whom you saw at *Damascus*, and for whom you shewed so much Affection, without knowing him."

No Words are of sufficient Energy to express the Joy of *Bedreddin*, when he saw his Mother and his Son. These three embraced, and shewed all the Transports that Love and a moving Tenderneſs could inspire. The Mother spoke to *Bedreddin* in the most moving Terms, she mentioned the Grief she had felt for his long Absence, and the Tears she had shed. Little *Agib*, instead of flying his Father's Embraces as at *Damascus*, received them with all the Marks

Marks of Pleasure. And *Bedreddin Hassan*, divided between two Objects so worthy of his Love, thought he could not give sufficient Marks of his Affection.

While this past at *Schemseddin Mohammed's*, the Vizier was gone to the Palace, to give the Sultan an Account of the happy Success of his Voyage ; and the Sultan was so charmed with the Recital of the Story, that he order'd it to be taken down in Writing, and carefully preserved among the Archieves of the Kingdom. After *Schemseddin's* Return to his House, having prepared a noble Feast, he sat down to Table with his Family, and all the Household passed the Day in Solemnity and Mirth.

The Vizier *Giafar* having thus made an end of the Story of *Bedreddin Hassan*, told the Califf *Haroun Alraschid*, That this is what he had to relate to his Majesty. The Califf found the Story so surprizing, that without farther Hesitation he granted his Slave *Riban's* Pardon : And to condole the young Man, for the Grief of having unhappily deprived himself of a Woman whom he loved so tenderly, married him to one of his Slaves, bestowed liberal Gifts upon him, and entertained him till he died.— But, Sir, added *Scheherazade*, observing that Day began to appear, tho' the Story I have now told you be very agreeable, I have one still that is much more so. If your Majesty pleases to hear it the next Night, I'm certain you will be of the same Mind. *Schahriar* rose without giving any Answer, and was in a Quandary what to do. The good Sultaneſs (said he within himself) tells very long Stories, and when once she begins one, there's no refusing to hear it out. I can't tell whether I shall put her to Death to Day or not. No sure I will not; I'll do nothing rashly; the Story she promises is perhaps more diverting than all she has told yet; I will not deprive my self of the Pleasure of hearing it; when once she has told it, then she shall die.

The hundred and Twenty Third Night.

D*inarzade* did not fail to awake the Sultaneſs of the *Indies* before Day; and the Sultaneſs, after asking leave of the Sultan, begun the Story she had promised, to the following Purpose.

The Story of the Little HUNCH-BACK.

THere was in former Times at *Casgar*, upon the utmost Skirts of *Tartary*, a Taylor that had a pretty Wife, whom he loved entirely, and was reciprocally loved by her. One Day, as he sat at work, a little Hunch-back'd my Lord came and sat him down at his Shop Door, and fell a singing, and at the same time play'd upon a Taber. The Taylor took Pleasure to hear him, and had a strong Mind to take him into his House to make his Wife merry: This little Fellow (says he to his Wife) will divert us both very agreeably. In fine, he invited my Lord in, and he readily accepted of the Invitation, so the Taylor shut up his Shop and carried him Home. The little Gentleman being carried in, the Taylor's Wife covered the Table, they sat down to Supper, and had a good large Dish of Fish set before 'em; but as they eat heartily, unluckily the crooked Gentleman swallowed a large Bone, of which he died in a few Minutes, notwithstanding all that the Taylor and his Wife could do to prevent it. Both the one and the other were mightily frightned at the Accident, especially since it fell in their House, and there was ground to fear that if the Juditiary Magistrates came to hear of it, they would be punish'd as Assassins. However the Husband found an Expedient to get rid of the Corps; he consider'd there was a *Jewish* Doctor that lived just by, and so formed a Project; in the Execution of which his Wife and he took the Corps, the one by the Feet and the other by the Head, and carried it to the Physician's House. They knocked at the Door, from which ascended a steep Pair of Stairs to his Chamber. As soon as they had knocked, the Servant Maid came down, without any Light, and opening the Door asked what they wanted. Prithee go up again, says the Taylor, and tell your Master we have brought him a Man that's very sick, and wants his Advice. Here, says he, putting a Piece of Money into her Hand, give him that before hand, to convince him that we have no mind to make him lose his Labour. While the Servant was gone up to acquaint her Master with the welcome News, the Taylor and his Wife nimbly convey'd the Hunch-back'd Corps

Corps to the Head of the Stairs, and leaving it there, scow'r'd off.

In the meantime the Maid having told the Doctor, that a Man and a Woman staid for him at the Door, desiring he would come down and look upon a sick Man they had brought with them; and the Maid clapping the Money she had receiv'd into his Hand, the Doctor was transported with Joy, being paid before-hand he thought it was a good Chap, and should not be neglected. *Light, Light*, cries he to the Maid, *follow me nimbly*. However, without staying for the Light, he gets to the Stair-head, and that in such haste that stumbling against the Corps, he gave him such a Kick, as made him tumble quite down to the Stair-foot: Nay, he had almost fallen himself, and tumbled down along with my Lord. *A Light, a Light*, cries he to the Maid, *Quick, Quick*. At last the Maid came with a Light, and so he went down Stairs with her; but when he saw that the stumbling Block he had kicked down was a dead Man, he was so frightened, that he invoked *Moses, Aaron, Joshua and Esdras*, and all the other Prophets of his Law. Unhappy Man that I am, said he, what made me offer to come down without a Light? I have e'en made an end of the Fellow that was brought me to be cured: Questionless, I am the Cause of his Death, and unless * *Esdra's Ass* comes to assist me, I'm ruined: Mercy on me, they will be here out of hand, and lug me out of my House for a Murderer.

But notwithstanding the Perplexity and Jeopardy he was in, he had the Precaution to shut his Door, for fear any one passing by in the Street should observe the Mischance, of which he reckon'd himself to be the Author, Then he took the Corps into his Wife's Chamber, upon which she swooned away.

Alas! cried she, *we are utterly ruin'd, undone, undone, unless we fall upon some Expedient or other to turn the Corps out of our House this Night! Beyond all Question, if we harbour it here till Morning, our Lives must pay for it. What a sad Mischance is this! Why, how did you do to kill this Man! That is not the Question,* replies the Jew, *our Business*

* *Here the Arabian Author plays upon the Jews, this Ass is that which, as the Mahometans believe, Esdras rid upon when he came from the Babylonian Captivity in Jerusalem.*

now is, to find out a Remedy for such a shocking Accident. But, Sir, says *Scheherazade*, I do not consider 'tis Day. So she stopt, and next Night pursued her Story as follows.

The hundred and Twenty Fourth Night.

THE Doctor and his Wife consulted together how to get rid of his dead Corps that Night. The Doctor racked his Brains in vain, he could not think of any Stratagem to get clear; but his Wife who was more fertile in Invention, said, *I have a Thought comes into my Head; let's carry the Corps to the Leads of our House, and tumble him down the Chimney into the House of the Musselman our next Neighbour.*

This Musselman or *Turk* was one of the Sultan's Purveyors, for furnishing Oil, Butter, and all sorts of Fat, Tallow, &c. and had a Magazine in his House where the Rats and Mice made prodigious Havock.

The *Jewish* Doctor approving the proposed Expedient, his Wife and he took the little Hunch-back up to the Roof of the House; and, clapping Ropes under his Arm-Pits, let him down the Chimney so softly and dextrously, that he stood upright against the Wall, as if he had been alive. When they found he stood firm, they pulled up the Ropes, and left the Gentleman in that Posture. They were scarce got down into their Chamber, when the Purveyor went into his, being just come from a Wedding-Feast with a Lanthorn in his Hand. He was mightily surprized when, by the Light of his Lanthorn, he descried a Man standing upright in his Chimney; but being naturally a stout Man, and apprehending it was a Thief or a Robber, he took up a good lusty Cane, and making strait up to the Hunch-back; *Ay*, says he, *I thought it was Rats and the Mice that eat my Butter and Tallow; and 'tis you come down the Chimney to rob me, is it? I question if ever you come back again upon this Errand.* This said, he falls foul upon the Man, and gives him a good many swinging Thwacks with his Cane. Upon which the Corps fell down, running its Nose upon the Ground; and the Purveyor redoubled his Blows: But observing the Body not to move, he

he stood to consider a little ; and then, perceiving it was a dead Corps, Fear succeeded his Anger. Wretched Man that I am, *said he*, what have I done ! I have killed a Man dead ; Alas, I have carried my Revenge to far. Good God unless thou pity me, my Life is gone. Cursed, Ten Thousand times accursed, be the Fat and the Oil that gave Occasion to this my Commission of such a Criminal Action. In fine, he stood pale and thunder-struck, he thought he saw the Officers already come to drag him to condign Punishment ; and could not think what Resolution to take.

Here the Dawn of the Morning interrupted *Scheherazade*, but next Night she proceeded thus.

The hundred and Twenty Fifth Night.

SIR, the Sultan of *Casgar*'s Purveyor had never minded the little Gentleman's Hunch when he was beating him ; but as soon as he perceived it, he threw out a thousand Imprecations against him. *Ah you crooked Hunch-back*, cried he, *you crooked Son of a Bitch, would to God you had robbed me of all my Fat, and I had not found you here. If it had been so, I had not been so much perplexed as I now am, for the Love of you and your nasty Hunch. Oh ! The Stars that twinkle in the Heavens, gave Light to none but me in this dangerous Juncture.* As soon as he had utter'd these Words, he took the little crooked Corps upon his Shoulders, and carried him out of Doors to the End of the Street, where he set him upright, resting against a Shop, and so trudged home again without looking behind him.

A few Minutes before the Break of Day, a Christian Merchant, who was very rich, and furnished the Sultan's Palace with most Things it wanted ; this Merchant, I say having sat up all Night debauching, step'd then out of his House to go to bathe. Though he was drunk, he was sensible that the Night was far spent, and that the People would quickly be called to the Morning Prayers, that begin at the break of Day ; therefore quicken'd his Pace to get in time at the Bath, for fear a *Turk*, meeting him in his way to the Mosque, should carry him to Prison for a Drun-

kard. However, as he came to the end of the Street, he stopped upon some necessary Occasion, and leaned against the Shop where the Sultan's Purveyor had put the Hunch-back'd Corps; and the Corps being jostled, tumbled upon the Merchant's Back. The Merchant, thinking 'twas a Robber that came to attack him, knock'd him down with a swinging Box on the Ear, and after redoubling his Blows, cried out Thieves.

The Outcry alarm'd the Watch, who came up immediately, and finding a Christian beating a *Turk* (for Crump-back was of our Religion) *What Reason have you*, said he, *to abuse a Musselman after this Rate? He would have robbed me*, replied the Merchant, *and jumped upon my back with intent to take me by the Throat. If he did*, said the Watch, *you have revenged your self sufficiently, come get off of him.* At the same time he stretched out his Hand to help little Crump-back up, but observing he was dead; *Ah, Hey-day!* said he, *is it thus that a Christian dares to assassinate a Musselman?* So he laid hold of the Christian, and carried him to the Sheriff's House, where he was kept till the Judge was stirring and ready to examine him. In the mean time the Christian Merchant grew sober, and the more he reflected upon his Adventure, the less could he conceive how such single Fifty-Cuff could kill the Man.

The Judge having hard the Report of the Watch, and viewed the Corps which they had taken care to bring to his House, interrogated the Christian Merchant upon it, and he could not deny the Crime, tho' he had not committed it. But the Judge considering that little Crump-back belonged to the Sultan, for he was one of his Buffoons, would not put the Christian to Death, till he knew the Sultan's Pleasure. For this End he went to the Palace, and acquainted the Sultan with what had happen'd; and received from the Sultan this Answer, I have no Mercy to shew to a Christian that kills a Musselman, Go do your Office. Upon this the Judge ordered a Gibbet to be erected, and sent Criers all over the City to proclaim that they were about to hang a Christian for killing a Musselman.

In fine, the Merchant was brought out of Goal to the Foot of the Gallows; and the Hangman having put the Rope about his Neck, was going to give him a Swing, when the Sultan's Purveyor, shoving thro' the Crowd, made

made up to the Gibbet, calling to the Hangman to stop, for that the Christian had not committed the Murder, but himself had done it. Upon that the Sheriff, who attended the Execution, put Interrogatories to the Purveyor, who told him every Circumstance of his killing the little Crump-back, and conveying his Corps to the Place where the Christian Merchant found him. You were about, added he, to put to Death an innocent Person; for how can he be guilty of the Death of a Man that was dead before he came at him? My Burthen is sufficient in having killed a *Turk*, without loading my Conscience with the additional Charge of the Death of a Christian that is not guilty.

Scheherazade perceiving the Peep of Day, stop'd here, and the next Night resumed her Story as follows.

The Hundred and twenty Sixth Night.

SIR, said she, the Sultan of *Casgar*'s Purveyor having publicly charged himself with the Death of the little Hunch-back'd Man, the Sheriff could not avoid doing Justice to the Merchant. Let the Christian go, said he, and hang this Man in his Room, since it appears by his own Confession that he's guilty. Thereupon the Hangman releas'd the Merchant, and clapped the Rope round the Purveyor's Neck; but just when he was going to pull him up, he heard the Voice of the Jewish Doctor, earnestly intreating him to suspend the Execution, and make room for him to come and throw himself at the Gallows Foot.

When he appeared before the Judge, My Lord, said he, This Musselman you are a going to hang is not guilty. All the Guilt lies at my Door. Last Night, a Man and a Woman, unknown to me, came to my Door with a sick Man they had brought along; and they knocking at the Door, my Maid went and opened it without a Light, and received from them a Piece of Money, with a Commission to come and desire me, in their Name, to step down and look upon the sick Person. While she was delivering her Message to me, they conveyed the sick Person to the Stair-head, and then disappeared. I went down without staying till my Servant lighted a Candle, and in the dark happened to stumble upon the sick Person, and kick'd him down Stairs. In fine, I saw he was dead, and that it was

the

the Crooked Muffelman, whose Death you are now about to avenge. So my Wife and I took the Corps, and after conveying it up to the Leads of our House, shov'd it to the Root of the Purveyor, our next Neighbour, his House, and let it down the Chimney into his Chamber. The Purveyor, finding it in his House, took the little Man for a Thief, and after beating him, concluded he had killed him; but that it was not so, you'll be convinced by this my Deposition; so that I am the only Author of the Murder, and, tho' it was committed undesignedly, I have resolved to expiate my Crime, by keeping clear of the Charge of the Death of two Musselmens, and hindring you to execute the Sultan's Purveyor, whose Innocence I have now revealed. So pray dismiss him, and put me in his Place, for I alone am the Cause of the Death of the little Man.

The Sultaness descrying Day, discontinued her Story till the next Night, that she proceeded in the following manner.

The Hundred and twenty Seventh Night.

SIR, said she, the chief Justice being persuaded that the Jewish Doctor was the Murderer, gave Orders to the Executioner to seize him, and release the Purveyor. Accordingly the Doctor was just a going to be hung up, when the Taylor appeared, crying to the Executioner to hold his Hand, and make room for him, that he might come and make his Confession to the Lord Justice. Room being made, " My Lord (said he to the Judge) you have
 " narrowly escaped taking away the Lives of the three in-
 " nocent Persons; but if you'll have the Patience to hear
 " me, I'll discover to you the real Murderer of the Crook-
 " back'd Man. If his Death is to be expiated by another;
 " that must be mine. Yesterday, towards the Evening,
 " as I was at Work in my Shop, and had a mind to be
 " merry, the little Hunch-back came to my Door half
 " drunk, and sat down before it. He sung a little, and so
 " iavited him to pass the Evening at my House. Accord-
 " dingly he accepted of the Invitation, and went in with
 " me. We sat down to Supper, and I gave him a Plate of
 " Fish; but in eating a Bone stuck in his Throat, and tho'
 " my Wife and I did our utmost to relieve him, he died in

" a few Minutes. His Death afflicted us extreamly, and
 " for fear of being charged with it, we carried the Corps
 " to the Jewish Doctor's House, and knocked at the Door,
 " the Maid coming down and opening the Door, I desired
 " her to go up again forthwith, and ask her Master to
 " come down and give his Advice to a sick Person that
 " we had brought along with us; and withal to in-
 " courage him, I charged her to give him a Piece of Mo-
 " ney which I had put into her Hand. When she was
 " gone up again, I carried the Hunch-back up Stairs, and
 " laid him upon the uppermost Step; and then my Wife
 " and I made the best of our Way Home. The Doctor
 " coming down, made the Corps roll down Stairs, and
 " thereupon he took himself to be the Author of his Death.
 " Now this being the Case (continued he) release the
 " Doctor, and let me die in his Room."

The chief Justice, and all the Spectators, could not suf-
 ficiently admire the strange Emergencies that ensued upon
 the Death of the little crooked Gentleman. Let the Jew-
 ish Doctor go, said the Judge, and hang up the Taylor,
 since he confesses the Crime: 'Tis certain this History is
 very uncommon, and ought to be recorded in Letters of
 Gold. The Executioner having dismiss'd the Doctor,
 made every thing ready to tie up the Taylor, ——— But,
 Sir, said the Sultaneſs, I see Day appears, and so I adjourn
 the Story till to Morrow. The Sultan agreed to her Pro-
 posal, and so rose and went about his Business.

The Hundred and twenty Eighth Night.

THE Sultaneſs, waked by her Sister, resumed her Sto-
 ry as follows. While the Executioner, Sir, was
 making ready to hang up the Taylor, the Sulan of *Casgar*,
 wanting the Company of the crooked Jester, ask'd where
 he was; and one of the Officers told him what follows.
 " The Hunch-back, Sir, whom you enquire after, got
 " drunk last Night, and contrary to his Custom, slipped
 " out of the Palace, and went a sauntering in the City and
 " this Morning he was found dead. A Man was brought
 " before the chief Justice, and charged with the Murder
 " of him; but when he was going to be hang'd up, came
 " a Man, and after him another, who took the Charge

†

" upon

"upon themselves, and cleared one another." The Examination has continued a long while, and the Judge is now examining a third Man that gives himself out for the real Author of the Murderer.

Upon this Intelligence the Sultan of *Casgar* sent a Hussar to the Place of Execution. Go, said he to his Messenger, make all the haste you can, and bring the arraigned Persons before me immediately; and withal bring the Corps of poor Crump-back, that I may see him once more. Accordingly the Hussar went, and happened to arrive at the Place of Execution at the same Time that the Executioner was going to tie up the Taylor. So he cried aloud to the Executioner to suspend the Execution. The Hangman knowing the Hussar, did not dare to proceed, but untied the Taylor; and then the Hussar acquainted the Judge with the Sultan's Pleasure. So the Judge obeyed, and went straight to the Palace, accompanied by the Taylor, the Jewish Doctor, and the Christian Merchant; and made Four of his Men carry the Hunch Corps along with him.

When they appeared before the Sultan, the Judge threw himself at the Prince's Feet; and after recovering himself, gave him a faithful Relation of what he knew of the Story of the Crump-back'd Man. The Sultan found the Story so uncommon, that he ordered his private Historians to write it with it's Circumstances. Then addressing himself to all the Audience; Did you ever hear (said he) such a surprizing Story as this, that has happened upon the Account of my little crooked Buffoon? Then the Christian Merchant, after falling down, and saluting the Earth with his Fore-head, spoke in the following manner. Most Puissant Monarch (said he) I know a Story yet more astonishing than that you have now spoke of; if your Majesty will give me leave, I'll tell it you. The Circumstances are such that no Body can hear 'em without being mov'd. Well, (said the Sultan) I give you leave, and so the Merchant went on as follows.

The Story told by the Christian Merchant.

SIR, before I commence the Recital of the Story you have allowed me to tell, I beg leave to acquaint you that

that I have not the Honour to be born in a Place that retains to your Majesty's Empire. I am a Stranger, born at *Cairo* in *Egypt*, one of the *Captick* Nation, and a Professor of the Christian Religion. My Father was a Broker, and got a good Estate which he left me at his Death. I followed his Example, and took up the same Employment. And one Day at *Cairo*, as I was standing in the publick Apartment for the Corn Merchants, there comes up to me a young handsome Man, well clad, and mounted upon an *As*. He saluted me, and pulling out an Handkerchief where he had a Sample of *Sesame* and *Turkey* Corn, asked me what a Bushel of such *Sesame* would fetch.

Scheherazade, perceiving Day, stopp'd here, but the next Night went on in the following manner.

The Hundred and twenty Ninth Night.

SIR, continued the Christian Merchant to the Sultan of *Casgar*; I examined the Corn that the Young Man shewed me, and told him it 'twas worth an Hundred Drams of Silver *per* Bushel. Pray, said he, look out for some Merchant to take it at that Price, and come to me at the Victory Gate, where you'll see a Hut at a Distance from the Houses. So he left me, and I shewed the Sample to several Merchants, who told me that they would take as much as I could spare at an Hundred and Ten Drams *per* Bushel, so that I made an account to get Ten Drams *per* Bushel for my Brokerage. Full of the Expectation of this Profit, I went forthwith to the Victory Gate, where I found the young Merchant staying for me, and he carried me into his Granary, which was full of *Sesame*. He had an Hundred and Fifty Bushels of it, which I measured out, and having carried them off upon *Asses*, sold them for Five thousand Drams of Silver. Now out of this Sum, said the young Man, there's Five Hundred Drams coming to you, at the Rate of Ten Drams *per* Bushel. I order you to take and apply it to your own Use, and as for the rest which is come to me, do you take it out of the Merchant's Hand, and keep it till I call for it, for I have no Occasion for it at present. I made Answer, it would be ready for him whenever he pleased to call for it; and so took leave of him, with a grateful Sense of his Generosity.

'Twas

"Twas a Month after, before he came near me: Then he came and asked for his 4500 Drums of Silver. I told him they were ready, and should be told down to him in a Minute. He was then mounted on his As, and so I desired him to alight, and do me the Honour to eat a Mouthful with me before he received his Money. No, said he, I can't alight at present, I have urgent Business that obliges me to be at a Place just by here; but I will return this Way, and then take the Money, which I desire you would have in readiness. This said, he disappeared; and I still expected his Return; but 'twas a full Month before he came again. I thought to my self the young Man reposed a great Trust in me, leaving so great a Sum in my Hands without knowing me; another would have been afraid I would have run away with it. To be short, he came again at the End of the third Month, and was still mounted on his As; but finer in his Cloaths than before.

Scheherazade, perceiving Day-light, went no farther for this Night; but the next ensuing Night she proceeded as follows.

The Hundred and Thirtieth Night.

AS soon as I saw the young Man, continued the Christian Merchant to the Sultan of *Casgar*, I intreated him to alight, and asked him if he would not take his Money. " 'Tis no matter for that, (said he with a pleasant easy Air) " I know it is in good Hands; I'll come and take it when " my other Money is all gone: Adieu, (continued he) I'll " come again towards the latter end of the Week." With that he clapt his Spurs to the As, and away he went. Well, thought I to my self, he says he'll see me towards the latter end of the Week, but 'tis likely I may not see him a great while; I'll go and make the most of his Money, and shall get a good Penny by it.

And, as it happened, I was not out in my Conjecture; for 'twas a full Year before I saw my young Merchant again. Then he appeared indeed with richer Apparel than before; but was very thoughtful. I asked him to do me the Honour to walk into my House. " For this time " (replied he) I will go in; but upon this Condition, that " you shall put your self to no extraordinary Charge upon " my

" my Account." " That shall be as you please, (said I) only do me the Favour to alight and walk in." Accordingly he complied, and I gave Orders for some sort of Entertainment; and, while that was getting ready, we fell into Discourse together. When the Victuals were got ready, we sat down to Table. When he eat the first Mouthful, I observed he fed himself with the Left Hand, and not with the Right. I could not tell what to think of it. I thought within my self, ever since I knew this young Man, he always appeared very polite; is it possible he can do this out of Contempt of me: what can the matter be, that he does not make use of his Right Hand?

Scheherazade, perceiving the Approach of Day, discontinued her Story, but the next Night she recommenced as follows.

The Hundred andthirty One Night.

SIR, the Christian Merchant was in great Pain to know why his Guest eat with the Left Hand: After we had done eating, said he, and every thing was taken away, we sat down upon a *Sofa*, and I presented him with a Lozenge that was excellent for giving a sweet Breath, and still he took it with the Left Hand. Then I accosted him in this manner; Sir, pray pardon the Liberty I take in asking you, what Reason you have for not making use of your Right Hand! 'Tis likely you have some Disorder in that Hand. Instead of answering, he fetch'd a deep sigh, and pulling out his Right Arm, which he had hitherto kept under his Garment, shewed me, to my great Astonishment that his Hand had been cut off. Doubtless you were alarmed, said he, to see me feed my self with the Left Hand; but I leave you to judge, whether it was in my Power to do otherwise. May one ask you, said I, by what Mischance it was, that you lost your Right Hand? Upon that he fell into Tears, and after wiping his Eyes gave me the following Relation.

You must know, said he, I am a Native of *Bagdad*, the Son of a rich Father, the most noted Man in that City both for Quality and for Riches. I had scarce launched into the World, when falling into the Company of Travellers, and hearing Wonderstold of *Egypt*, especially of Grand *Cai-*

no, I was moved by their Discourse, and took up a longing Desire to travel thither. But my Father was then alive and had not given me leave. In fine, he died, and thereupon being Master of my self, I resolved to take a Journey to *Cairo*. I laid out a large Sum of Money upon several sorts of fine Stuffs of *Bagdad* and *Maussoul*, and so undertook my Journey.

Arriving at *Cairo* I went to the *Khan*, call'd the *Khan of Mefrour*; and there took Lodgings with a Warehouse for my Bales, which I brought along upon Camels. This done, I retired to my Chamber, to rest my self after the Fatigue of my Journey, and ordered my Servants to go and buy some Provisions, and dress them. After I had eat, I went and saw the Castle, some Mosques, Publick Places, and the other Things that were curious.

Next Day I dressed my self pretty handsomely, and ordered some of the finest and richest of my Bales to be picked out, and carried by my Slaves to the *Cincaffan* * *Bezestein*, whither I went my self. I no sooner got thither than I was surrounded with Brokers and Criers, that had heard of my Arrival. I gave Patterns of my Stuffs to several of the Criers, who went and carried them, and shewed them all over the *Bezestein*; but none of the Merchants offered near so much as they had cost me in prime Cost and Carriage. This vexed me, and the Criers observing I was dissatisfied; If you will take our Advice, said they, we will put you in a Way to sell your Stuffs without losing by them.

* *A Bezestein is a publick place where silk Stuffs, and other precious Things are exposed to Sale.*

Here *sheherazade* stopp'd upon the Approach of Day, but the next Night went on as follows.

The Hundred and thirty Second Night.

THE Brokers and the Criers, said the young Man to the Christian Merchant, having thus promised to put me in a way of losing nothing by my Goods. I asked them what Course they would have me take. Divide your Goods, said they, among several Merchants, and they'll sell them by Retail and twice a Week, that is, on *Mondays* and *Thursdays*, you may receive what Money they take. By this

this means you'll get instead of losing, and the Merchants will get by you. And in the mean time you'll have Time to take your Pleasure, and walk up and down the Town, or to go upon the *Nile*.

I took their Advice, and carried 'em to my Warehouse, from whence I brought all my Goods to the *Bezestein*, and there divided them among the Merchants that they represented as most reputable and able to pay; and the Merchants gave me a formal Receipt before Witnesses, stipulating withal that I should not make any Demands upon them for the first Month.

Having thus regulated my Affairs, my Mind was taken up with other sort of Things than the ordinary Pleasures. I contracted Friendship with divers Persons almost of the same Age with my self, who took care I did not want Company. After the first Month expired, I began to visit my Merchants twice a Week, taking along with me a publick Officer to inspect their Books of Sale, and a Banker to see they paid me in good Money, and to regulate the Value of the several Species; and so every Pay Day I had a good Sum of money to carry home to my Lodging. I went nevertheless on the other Days to pass the morning sometimes at a merchant's House, and sometimes at some other Persons. In fine, I diverted my self in conversing with one or the other, and seeing what passed in the *Bezestein*.

One Monday, as I sat in a Merchant's Shop, whose Name was *Bedreddin*, a Lady of Quality, as one might easily perceive by her Air, her Habit, and her being attended by a She-slave in neat Cloaths; this Lady, I say, came into the Shop, and sat down by me. This external Appearance joined to a natural Grace that shined through all she did, inspired me with a longing Desire to know her better than I did. I am at a loss to know whether she observed that I took Pleasure in gazing upon her; but she tucked up the Crape that hung down over the Muslin which covered her Face, and so gave me the Opportunity of seeing her large black Eyes, which perfectly charmed me. In fine, she screw'd my Love to the Height, by the agreeable sound of her Voice, and her genteel graceful Carriage, in saluting the Merchant, and asking him how he did since she saw him last.

After

After entertaining him sometime upon indifferent Things, she gave him to know that she wanted a sort of Stuff with a Ground of Gold; that she came to his Shop as affording the best Choice of any in all the *Bezeftin*; and that, if he had any such as she asked for, he would oblige her in shewing them. *Bedreddin* shewed her several Pieces, one of which she pitched upon, and he asked for it Eleven Hundred Drams of Silver. *I agree*, said she, *to give you so much, but I have not money enough about me; so I hope you'll give me Credit till to-morrow, and in the mean time follow me to carry off the Stuff. I shall not fail*, added she, *to send you to-morrow the Eleven Hundred Drams I agreed for.* Madam, said *Bedreddin*, I would give you Credit with all my heart, and allow you to carry off the Stuff, if it were mine; but it belongs to that Young Man you see here, and this Day is the Day on which we state our Accounts. Why, said the Lady in a Surprizal, why do you offer to use me so? Am not I a Customer to your Shop? And as often as I have bought of you, and carried home the Things without paying ready money for them, did I ever fail to send you your money next morning? Madam, said the Merchant, 'tis true, but this very day I have occasion for the Money. There, said she, throwing the Stuff to him, take your stuff, may God C---f---d you and all the Merchants that are? you are, all of you, of one Kidney? you respect no body. This said, she rose in a Passion and walked out.

Scheherazade perceiving Day, discontinued the Story till the next Night, that she proceeded as follows.

The Hundred and Thirty Third Night.

THE Christian Merchant continued his Story thus: When I saw, said the young Man, that the Lady walked off, I found in my Breast a great Concern for her; so I called her back, saying, Madam, do me the Favour to return; perhaps I can find a Way to content you both. In fine, back she came, laying, 'twas for the Love of me that she complied. Mr. *Bedreddin*, said I to the Merchant, what do you say you must have for this Stuff that belongs to me. I must have, said he, Eleven Hundred Drams; I can't take less. Give it to the Lady then, said I, let her take it home with her, I allow a Hundred Drams Profit to your

your self, and shall now write you a Note empowering you to discount that Sum upon the other Goods you have of mine. In fine, I wrote, sign'd and deliver'd the Note; and then handed the Stuff to the Lady. Madam, said I, you may take the Stuff with you, and as for the money you may either send it to morrow or next Day; or if you will accept the Stuff as a Present from me. I beg your Pardon, Sir, said she, I mean nothing of that; you use me so very civil and obligingly that I ought never to shew my Face in the World again, if I did not shew my Gratitude to you. May God reward you, in enlarging your Fortune; may you live many years when I am dead; may the Gate of Heaven be open'd to you when you remove to the other World, and may all the City proclaim your Generosity.

These Words inspired me with some Assurance. Madam, said I, I desire no other Reward for what Service I have done you, than the Happiness of seeing your Fate; that will repay me with interest. I had no sooner spoke, than she turned towards me, took off the Muslin that covered her Face, and discovered to my Eyes a killing Beauty. I was so struck with the surprizing sight, that I could not express my Thoughts to her. I could have look'd upon her for ever, without being cloy'd; but fearing any one should take Notice she quickly covered her Face, and pulling down the Crape, took up the Piece of Stuff, and went away, leaving me in a quite different sort of Temper from what I was in, when I came to the Shop. I continued for some time in great Disorder and Perplexity. Before I took leave of the Merchant, I ask'd him if he knew the Lady; yes, said he, she's the daughter of an *Emir*, who left her an immense Fortune at his Death.

I went home, and sat down to supper, but could not eat; neither could I shut my Eyes all Night long; I thought it the longest Night in my Life-time. As soon as it was Day, I got up, in hopes to see once more the Object that disturb'd my Repose; and to engage her Affection, I dress'd my self yet more nicely than I had done the Day before.

Scheherazade perceiving Day, stopp'd here; but went on next Night as follows.

The Hundred and Thirty Fourth Night.

SIR, the young *Bagdad* Merchant recounting his Adventures to the Christian Merchant, continued thus; I had but just got, said he, to *Bedreddin's* Shop, when I saw the Lady coming in more magnificent Apparel than before, and attended by her Slave. When she came in, she did not mind the Merchant, but addressing her self to me, Sir, said she, you see I am punctual to my Word. I am come on purpose to pay the Sum you were so kind as to pass your Word for Yesterday, tho' you had no Knowledge of me: Such an uncommon piece of Generosity I shall never forget. Madam, said I, you had no occasion to be so hasty. I was very well satisfied as to my money, and am sorry you should put your self to so much Trouble about it. I had been very unjust, answered she, if I had abused your Generosity. With these Words she clapp'd the money into my Hand, and sat down by me.

Having this Opportunity of conversing with her, I made the best Use of it, and mentioned to her the Love I had for her; but she rose and left me very abruptly, as if she had been angry with the Declaration I had made. I followed her with my Eyes as long as she was in Sight; and as soon as she was out of Sight, I took leave of the Merchant, and walk'd out of the *Bezeestein*, without knowing where I went. I was musing upon this Adventure, when I felt some body pulling me behind: And turning about to see who it was, I had the agreeable Surprizal to perceive 'twas the Lady's Slave. My Mistress, said the Slave, I mean the young Lady you spoke with but now in a Merchant's Shop, wants to speak one Word with you; so if you please to give your self the Trouble to follow me, I'll conduct you. Accordingly I followed her, and found my Mistress staying for me in a Banker's Shop.

She made me sit down by her, and spoke to this Purpose. Dear Sir, said she, don't be surpriz'd that I left you so abruptly. I thought it not proper before that Merchant to give a favourable Answer to the Discovery you made of your Affection to me. But to speak the Truth, I was so far from being offended at it, that I was pleased when

when I heard it; and I account my self infinitely happy in having a Man of your Merit for my Lover, I do not know what Impression the first Sight of me could make upon you; but I assure you, I no sooner saw you, than I had tender Thoughts of you. Since Yesterday I have done nothing but thought of what you said to me; and the haste I made to come and find you out this Morning, may convince you I have no small regard for you. Madam, said I, transported with Love and Joy, nothing can be more agreeable to me than what I now hear. No Passion can be greater, than that with which I love you since the happy moment I cast my Eyes upon you; my Eyes were then dazzled with so many Charms, that my Heart yielded without Resistance. Do not let us trifle away the time in needless Discourse, said she, interrupting me: I make no doubt of your Sincerity, and you shall quickly be convinced of mine. Will you do me the Honour to come to my Home, or if you will, I'll come to yours. Madam, said I, I'm a Stranger lodged in a *Khan*, which is not a proper Place for the Reception of a Lady of your Quality and Merit.

Here the approach of Day interrupted *Scheherazade*; but the next Morning she continued thus.

The Hundred and Thirty Fifth Night.

TIS more proper, Madam, said the young *Bagdad* Merchant to his Sweet-heart; 'tis more proper for me to come to you at your own House, if you'll please to tell me where it is. The Lady complying with his Desire, *I live*, said she, in Devotion-Street; come next Friday after Noon-Prayers, and ask for the House of Abbon Schamma, surnamed Bercout, late Master of the Emirs; there you'll find me. This said, we parted, and I passed the next Day in great Impatience.

On Friday, I got up betimes and put on my best Cloaths, with Fifty Pieces of Gold in my Pocket. Thus prepared, I mounted an Ass I had bespoke the Day before, and set out, accompanied by the Man that let me the Ass. When we came to *Devotion-street*, I directed the Owner of the Ass to enquire for the House I wanted to be at. Accordingly he enquired and conducted me thither. I paid him liberally

rally and sent him back; directing him to observe narrowly where he left me, and not to fail to come back with the *Ass* to Morrow Morning, to carry me back again.

I knocked at the Door, and presently two little Girls, Slaves white as Snow, and neatly dressed, came and opened it. *Be pleased to come in, Sir,* said they, *my Mistress expects you impatiently; These two days she has spoke of nothing but you.* So I enter'd the Court, and saw a great Pavillion raised upon seven Steps, and surrounded with Iron Rails, that parted it from a very pleasant Garden. Besides the Trees which imbellished the Prospect, and forced an agreeable Shade, there was an infinite Number of other Trees loaded with all manner of Fruit. I was charmed with the Warbling of a great Number of Birds, that joyn'd their Notes to the murmurings of a very high Water-work, in the middle of a Ground-Plot enamel'd with Flowers. This Water-work was a very agreeable sight; Four large gilded Dragons adorned the Angles of the Basin, which was of a square Form; and these Dragons spouted out Water clearer than Rock Chrystal. This delicious Place gave me a charming Idea of the Conquest I had made. The two little Slaves conducted me into a Parlour magnificently furnish'd; and while one of 'em went to acquaint her Mistress with my Arrival, the other tarried with me, and pointed out to me the Ornaments of the Hall.

At this Period, *Scheherazade* discontinued her Story, upon the Appearance of Day: And *Scabriar* got up, curious to know what the young *Bagdadesse* would do in the Lady's Parlour. The next Morning the Sultane's gratified the Sultan's Curiosity, by pursuing the Sequel of the Story in the following manner.

The Hundred and Thirty Sixth Night.

SIR, the Christian Merchant continued his Discourse to the Sultan of *Casgar* to this Purpose. I did not tarry long in the Hall, said the Young Man of *Bagdad*, till the Lady I loved appeared, adorned with Pearls and Diamonds, but the Splendor of her Eyes did far outshine that of her Jewels. Her Shapes, which were now not disguised by the Habit usual in the Streets, were extreme fine and charming. I need not mention with what Joy we received
one

one another ; that leaves all Expression far behind it. I shall only tell you, that when the first Compliments were over, we sat both down upon a *Sofa*, and there entertained one another with all imaginable Satisfaction. After that we had the most delicious Messes served up to us ; and after eating, continued our Discourse till Night. At Night we had excellent Wine brought up, and such Fruit as is apt to promote Drinking ; and timed our Cups to the sound of musical Instruments joined to the Voices of the Slaves. The Lady of the House sung her self, and by her Songs screw'd up my Passion to the Height. In fine, I passed the Night in a full Enjoyment of all manner of Pleasure.

Next Morning I slip'd under the Bolster of the Bed the Purse with the Fifty Pieces of Gold I had brought with me, and took leave of the Lady, who asked me when I would see her again. *Madam*, said I, *I give you my Promise to return this Night*. She seem'd to be transported with my Answer, and, conducting me to the Door, conjured me at Parting to be mindful of my Promise.

The same Man that had carried me thither, waited for me with his As's to carry me home again ; so I mounted the As's and went straight home ; ordering the Man to come to me again in the Afternoon at a certain Hour, to secure which, I would not pay him till that time came.

As soon as I arrived at my Lodging, my first Care was to order my Folks to buy a good Lamb, and several sorts of Cakes, which I sent by a Porter as a Present to the Lady. When that was done, I minded my serious Affairs till the Owner of the As's came. Then I went along with him to the Lady's House, and was receiv'd by her with as much Joy as before, and entertain'd with equal Magnificence.

Next Morning I took leave, and left her another Purse with Fifty Pieces of Gold : But *Scheherazade* perceiving Day, gave Notice of it to the Sultan, who thereupon rose without saying one Word. Next Night she went on with her Story as follows.

The Hundred and Thirty Seventh Night.

SIR, the Young Man of *Bagdad*, continued the Christian Merchant to the Sultan of *Casgar*, went on to this

Purpose. I continued, said he, to visit the Lady every Day, and to leave her every time a Purse with Fifty Pieces of Gold, till the Merchants, whom I employed to sell my Cloath, and whom I visited regularly twice a Week: I continued these chargeable Visits, I say, till the Merchants owed me nothing. And in short, I came at last to be Moneyless and hopeless of having any more.

In this desperate Condition I walked out of my Lodging, not knowing what Course to take; and by chance steered towards the Castle, where there was a great Crowd of People to see the Sultan of *Egypt*. As soon as I came up to them, I wedged in among the Crowd; and by chance happened to stand by a Cavalier well mounted, and handsomely cloathed, who had upon the Bow of his Saddle a Bag half open, with a String of Green Silk hanging out of it. I clapp'd my Hand to the Bag, concluding the Silk Twist might be the String of a Purse within the Bag: In the mean time a Porter with a Load of Wood upon his Back passed by the other side of the Horse so near, that the Gentleman on Horseback was forced to turn his Head towards him, to avoid the being rubb'd by the Wood. In that very Minute did the Devil tempt me; I took the String in one Hand, and with the other laid open the Mouth of the Bag, and so pull'd out the Purse so dextrously that no Body perceived it. The Purse was heavy, and so I did not doubt but there was Gold or Silver in it.

As soon as the Porter had pass'd the Cavalier, who probably had some suspicion of what I had done while his Head was turned, presently put his Hand to his Bag, and, finding his Purse was gone, gave me such a Blow, that he knocked me down. This Violence shocked all that saw it, some took hold of the Horse's Bridle to stop the Gentleman, and know of him what Reason he had to beat me, or how he came to treat a Musselman after that Rate. *Do not trouble your selves*, said he with a brisk Tone, *I had Reason enough for what I did; this Fellow is a Thief*. In fine, every one took my Part, and cried he was a Liar, for that it was incredible, a young Man, such as I, should be guilty of so foul an Action; but while they were holding his Horse by the Bridle to favour my Escape, unfortunately came by the Justiciary Judge, who, seeing such a Crowd

Crowd about the Gentleman on Horseback and me, came up and asked what the matter was. Every Body there reflected on the Gentleman for treating me so unjustly upon the Pretence of Robbery.

The Judge did not give Ear to all that was said on my Behalf; but asked the Cavalier if he suspected any body else besides me. The Cavalier told him he did not, and gave his Reasons why he believed his suspicion not to be groundless. Upon this the Judge order'd his Followers to seize me, and search me, which they presently did, and finding the Purse about me, exposed it to the View of all the People. The Shame was so great I could not bear it, but I swooned away. In the mean time the Judge called for the Purse.

But I see, said *Scheherazade*, it is Day; if your Majesty will let me live till to Morrow, you shall hear the sequel of the Story. Then *Schahriar* got up, designing to gratify his Curiosity by hearing the rest next Night.

The Hundred and Thirty Eight Night.

TOWARDS the close of the next Night, the Sultaness address'd *Schahriar* thus. Sir, the young Man of *Bagdad* pursuing his Story: When the Judge, said he, had got the Purse in his Hand, he asked the Horseman if it was his, and how much Money was in it. The Cavalier knew it to be his own, and assured the Judge he had put Twenty sequins into it. Upon that the Judge called me before him; Come Young Man, said he, confess the Truth. Was it you that took the Gentleman's Purse from him? Do not put your self to the Trouble of Torture to extort Confession. Then I looked down with my Eyes, thinking within my self, that if I denied the Fact, they finding the Purse about me would convict me of a Lye; so, to avoid a double Punishment, I look'd up and confess'd it was I. I had no sooner made the Confession, than the Judge call'd People to witness it, and order'd my Hand to be cut off. This hard Sentence was put in Execution immediately upon the Spot, to the great Regret of all the Spectators; nay, I observ'd by the Cavalier's Countenance that he was moved with Pity as much as the rest. The Judge would likewise have order'd my Foot to be

cut off, but I beg'd the Cavalier to intercede for my Pardon, which he did, and obtain'd it.

When the Judge was gone, the Cavalier came up to me, and holding out the Purse, I see plainly, said he, that 'twas Necessity put you upon an Action so disgraceful and unworthy of such a handsome young Man as you are. Here take that fatal Purse, I freely give it you, and am heartily sorry for the Misfortune you have undergone. This said, he went away; and, I being very weak by reason of my loss of Blood, some of the good People that lived that way, had the Charity to carry me into one of their Houses, and gave me a Glass of Wine, they likewise dressed my Arm, and wrapp'd up the dismember'd Hand in a Cloath.

If I had return'd to the *Khan* where I lodged, I should not have found there such Relief as I wanted; and to offer to go to the young Lady's, was running a great Hazard, it being likely she would not look upon me after such an infamous Thing had befallen me. However, I resolv'd to put it to the Trial; and, to tire out the Crowd that followed me, I turned down several By Streets, and at last arriv'd at my Lady's very weak, and so much fatigu'd, that I presently threw my self down upon a *Sofa*, keeping my Right Arm under my Coat, for I took great care to conceal my Misfortune.

In the mean time, the Lady hearing of my Arrival, and that I was not well, came to me in all haste; *My dear Soul*, said she, *what's the matter with you?* *Madam*, said I, *I have got a violent Pain in my Head.* The Lady seem'd to be mightily afflicted with my pretended Illness, and asked me to sit down, for I had got up to receive her. Tell me, said she, how your Illness came: The last time I had the Pleasure to see you, you were very well. There must be something else that you conceal from me, prithee let me know what it is. I stood silent, and, instead of an Answer, Tears trickled down my Cheeks. I can't conceive, said she, what it is that afflicts you. Have I given you any Occasion to be uneasy? Or do you come on purpose to tell me you do not love me. 'Tis not that, *Madam*, said I, fetching a deep sigh; your unjust suspicion is an addition to my Evil.

I could not think of discovering to her the true Cause. When Night came, Supper was brought, and she prei'd

me to eat, but considering I could only feed my self with my Left Hand, I begg'd to be excus'd upon the Plea of having no Stomach. Your Stomach will come to you, said she, if you would but discover what you so obstinately hide from me. Your Inappetency without doubt, is only owing to the Aversion you have to a Discovery. Alas! Madam, said I, I find I must discover at last. I had no sooner spoke these Words, than she filled me a Cup full of Wine; Drink said she, 'twill give you Assurance. So I reach'd out my Left Hand and took the Cup.

Here the Appearance of Day discontinued *Scheherazade's* Story, but the next Night she pursued the sequel thus.

The hundred and Thirty Ninth Night.

When I had got the Cup in my Hand, said the young Man, I redoubled my Tears and Sighs. Why do you sigh and cry so bitterly? said the Lady, And why do you take the Cup with your Left Hand, rather than your Right? Ah! Madam, said I, excuse me, I beseech you; I have got a Swelling in my Right Hand. Let me see that Swelling, said she, I'll open it. I desired to be excused upon that Head, alledging the Tumor was not ripe enough for opening; and drank the Cupful, which was very large. In fine, the Streams of the Wine; joined to my weakness and weariness, set me asleep, and I slept very Sound till next Morning.

In the mean time, the Lady, curious to know what Ailment I had in my Right Hand, lifted my Coat that covered it; and saw to her great Astonishment that it was cut off, and that I had brought it along with me wrapp'd up in a Cloath. She presently apprehended what was my Reason for declining a Discovery, notwithstanding all the pressing Instances she made; and passed the whole Night in the greatest Uneasiness upon my Disgrace, which she concluded had been occasion'd by the Love I bore to her.

When I walked, I discerned by her Countenance, that she was extremely grieved. However, that she might not increase my Uneasiness, she said ne'er a Word. She call'd for Jelly Broth of Fowl, which she order'd to be got ready, and made me eat and drink to recruit my Strength. After that I offer'd to take leave of her, but she declar'd I should not go out of her Doors: Though you tell me nothing of the

the matter. *said she*, I am the Cause of the Misfortune that is befallen you. The Grief that I feel upon that score will quickly make an end of me; but, before I die, I must do one Thing, that is designed for our Advantage. She had no sooner said the Word, than she called for a publick Notary and Witnesses, and ordered a Writing to be drawn up, intitling me to her whole Estate. After this was done, and the Men dispatch'd, she open'd a large Trunk, where lay all the Purfes I had given her, from the Commencement of our Amours. There are they all entire, *said she*, I have not touch'd one of them: Here, take the Key, the Trunk is yours. After I had returned her Thanks for her Generosity and Bounty; What I do for you, *said she*, is nothing at all; I shall not be satisfied unless I die, to shew how much I love you. I conjur'd her by all the Powers of Love, not to drop such a fatal Resolution. But all my Remonstrances were ineffectual; she was so afflicted, to see me have but one Hand, that she sickned, and died after five or six Weeks Illness.

After mourning for her Death as long as was decent, I took Possession of all her Estate, a particular Account of which she gave me before she died; and the Corn you sold for me was part of it.

The Appearance of Day interrupted *Scheherazade*, she discontinued her Story till next Night, that she went on as follows.

The Hundred and Fortieth Night.

THE Young Man of *Bagdad* concluded his Story to the Christian Merchant to this Purpose. What I have now told you, *said he*, will influence you to excuse me for eating with my Left Hand. I am mightily obliged to you for the Trouble you have given your self on my Account. I can never make sufficient Acknowledgment of your Fidelity, Since God has still given me a complete Estate, notwithstanding I have spent a great deal, I beg you to accept of the Sum now in your Hand as a Present from me. Over and above this, I have a Proposal to make to you, which is this, For as much as, by reason of this fatal Accident, I am obliged to depart *Cairo*, I am resolved never to see it more: So if you'll please

please to accompany me; we'll trade together as equal Partners, and divide the Profit.

I thank'd the Young Man, said the Christian Merchant, for the Present he made me, and as to the Proposal of travelling with him, I willingly embrac'd it, assuring him that his Interest should always be as dear to me as my own.

We set a Day for our Departure, and accordingly entred upon our Travels. We passed through *Syria* and *Mesopotamia*, travell'd all over *Persia*, and after stopping at several Cities, came at last, Sir, to this your Metropolis. Some time after our Arrival in this Place, the young Man having form'd a Design of returning to *Persia*, and settling there, we settled our Accounts, and parted very good Friends. So he went from hence, and I, Sir, continue here at your Majesty's Service. This, Sir, is the Story I had to tell you: Does not your Majesty find it yet more surprizing, than that of the crooked Buffoon?

The Sultan of *Casgar* fell into a Passion against the Christian Merchant. You are very bold, said he, to tell me a story so little worth my hearing, and then to compare it to that of my Jester. Can you flatter your self so far, as to believe that the trifling Adventures of a young Rake can make such an Impression upon me, as those of my Jester? Well, I'm resolv'd to hang you all four to revenge his Death.

This said, the Purveyor fell down frighted at the Sultan's Feet. Sir, said he, I humbly beseech your Majesty to suspend your just Wrath, and hear my Story; and if my Story appears to your Majesty to be prettier than that of your Jester to pardon us all four. The Sultan having granted his Request, the Purveyor began thus.

The Story told by the Sultan of Casgar's Purveyor.

SIR, a Person of Quality invited me Yesterday to his Daughter's Wedding, accordingly I went to his House at the Hour appointed, and found there a large Company of Doctors, Ministers of Justice, and others of the best Quality in the City. After the Ceremony was over, we had a splendid Treat, and among other Things, set upon the Table, there was a Courie with Garlick

Sauce, which indeed was very delicious, and palatable to every body: Only we observed that one of the Guests did not offer to touch it, though it stood just before him, and thereupon we invited him to do as we did. But he conjured us not to press him upon that Head: I'll take care, said he, not to touch any thing that has Garlick in it; I remember well what the tasting of such a Thing cost me once before. We intreated him to tell us what was the Occasion of his so strong Aversion to Garlick: But before he had time to make Answer; Is it thus, said the Master of the House, that you honour my Table? This Ragoo is excellent, do not you pretend to be excus'd from eating of it; you must do me that Favour as well as the rest. Sir, said the Gentleman, who was a *Bagdad* Merchant, I hope you do not think I refuse to eat of it, out of a mistaken Nicety; if you will have me eat of it, I will do it; but still upon this Condition, that after eating of it I may wash my Hands, with your good

* *This is call'd in*
English Saltwort.

Leave forty times with * *Alcali*,
forty times more with the Ashes
of the same Plant, and forty
times again with Soap. I hope you will not take it ill
that I stipulate this Condition, in Pursuance of an Oath I
have made never to taste Garlick without observing it.

Scheherazade, perceiving Day, stopped here, and so
Schahriar rose with a Curiosity to know why the Merchant had sworn to wash himself 120 Times, after eating of a Ragoo with Garlick. Towards the Close of the next Night, the Sultaness satisfied his Curiosity in the following Words.

The Hundred and Forty First Night.

THE Master of the House. continued the Purveyor of the Sultan of *Casgar*, would not dispense with the Merchant from eating of the Ragoo with Garlick; and therefore order'd his Servant to get ready a Bason with water, together with *Alcali*, the Ashes of the same Plant, and Soap, that the Merchant might wash as often as he pleas'd. When every thing was got ready, Now, said he to the Merchant, *I hope you'll do as we do.*

The

The Merchant, displeas'd with the Violence that was offer'd him, reach'd out his Hand and took up a Bit, which he put to his Mouth trembling, and eat with a Reluctancy that surprized us all. But the greatest Surprizal of all was, that he had only four Fingers, and no Thumb, which none of us observ'd before, tho' he had eat of other Dishes. You have lost your Thumb, said the Master of the House, how came that about? It must have been occasioned by some extraordinary Accident: A Relation of which will be agreeable Entertainment to the Company. Sir, replied the Merchant, I have ne'er a Thumb, neither on the Right nor on the Left Hand. In speaking this, he shew'd us his Left Hand as well as his Right. But this is not all, continued he, I have ne'er a great Toe on either of my Feet, I hope you will take my Word for it. I was maim'd in this manner by an unheard of Accident, which I am willing to relate to you, if you'll have the Patience to hear me. The Relation will equally astonish you, and affect you with Pity. Only suffer me to wash my Hands first. With this he rose from the Table, and after washing his Hands 120 times, took his Place again, and recounted the Story as follows.

You must know, Gentlemen, that in the Reign of the Califf *Haroun Alraschid*, my Father lived at *Bagdad*, the Place of my Nativity, and was reputed one of the richest Merchants in the City. But, being a Man mightily addicted to his Pleasures, a Man that loved an irregular Life, and neglected his private Affairs, instead of leaving me a plentiful Fortune at his Death, he left me in such a Condition, that all the Oeconomy I could master, was scarce sufficient to clear his Debts. However, with much ado, I paid 'em all, and through my Industry and Care my little Fortune began to look with a smiling Countenance.

One Morning, as I opened my Shop, a Lady, mounted upon a Mule, and attended by an Eunuch and two Women Slaves, stopped near my Shop-Door, and with the Assistance of the Eunuch alighted. Madam, said the Eunuch, I told you, you would be too soon; you see there's no Body yet in the *Bezestein*; if you had taken my Advice, you might have saved your self the Trouble of waiting here. The Lady looked all round her, and finding there was no Shop open but mine, address'd her self to me,

asking leave to sit in my Shop till the rest of the Merchants came : So I could do no less than return a civil Answer, and invite the Lady into my Shop.

The Hundred and Forty Second Night.

THE Sultaness, being awak'd by her Sister *Dinarzade*, proceeded to address her self to the Sultan in the following manner. The Lady sat down in my Shop continued the Merchant of *Bagdad*, and observing there was no body in the whole *Bezeestein* but the Eunuch and I, uncovered her Face to take the Air; and I must say I never saw any thing so pretty in my Life-time: I no sooner had a sight of her Face, than I loved her in Course, I fix'd my Eyes upon her, and perceived that she was not displeased with my Ogling, for she gave me a full Opportunity to look upon her, and did not cover her Face but when she was afraid of being taken notice of.

After she had pulled down her Veil again, she told me she wanted several sorts of the richest and finest Stuffs, and asked me if I had 'em. Alas! Madam, said I, I am but a young Man, and just beginning the World. I have not Stock enough for such great Concerns; and 'tis a Mortification to me that I have nothing to shew you such as you want: But to save you the Trouble of going from Shop to Shop, as soon as the Merchants come, I'll go, if you please, and fetch from them what you want, with the lowest Prices; and so you may do your Business without going any further. She complied with my Proposals, and enter'd into Discourse with me, which continued so much the longer, that I still made her believe the Merchants, that could furnish what she wanted, were not yet come.

I was then no less charmed with her Wit, than I had been before with the beauty of her Face; but there was a Necessity of denying my self the Pleasure of her Conversation. I run out to see for the Stuffs she wanted, and after she had pitch'd upon what she liked, we struck the Price at 5000 Drams of coin'd Silver; so I wrapp'd up the Stuffs in a small Bundle, and gave it to the Eunuch, who put it under his Arm. This done, she rose and took leave.

leave. I still continued to look after her till she was got at the *Bezelein* Gate, and mounted her Mule again.

The Lady had no sooner disappeared, than I perceiv'd that Love is the Cause of great Oversights. It had so ingross'd all my Thoughts, that truly I did not mind that she went off without paying the Money, neither had I the Consideration to ask who she was, or where she dwelt; However, I considered I was accountable for a large Sum to the Merchants, who, perhaps, would not have the Patience to stay for their Money: And so I went to them and made the best Excuse I could, pretending that I knew the Lady; and then came home again equally affected with Love, and with the Burden of such a heavy Debt.

Schehetazade had no sooner spoke these Words, than Day appear'd: But the next Night we proceeded as follows.

The Hundred and forty Third Night.

I HAD desired my Creditors, continued the Merchant, to stay eight Days for their Money; and when the eight Days were past they did not fail to dun me. Then I intreated them to give me eight Days more, which they agreed to; and the very next Day, I saw the Lady come to the *Bezelein*, mounted on her Mule with the same Attendants as before, and exactly at the same Hour of the Day.

She came streight to my Shop. I have made you stay some time, said she, but here's your Money at last; carry me to a Banker, and see it is all good. The Eunuch, who brought me the Money, went along with me to the Bankers, and we found it very right. Then I came back again, and had the Happiness of conversing with the Lady till all the Shops of the *Bezelein* were open. Tho' we talk'd but of ordinary Things, she gave them such a Turn, that they appear'd new and uncommon; and convinc'd me that I was not mistaken in admiring her Wit, when I conversed with her.

As soon as the Merchants were come and had opened their Shops, I carried to the respective Men the Money that was due for their Stuffs, and was readily intrusted with more which the Lady had desired to see. In short the Lady took Stuffs to the Value of 1000 Pieces of Gold, and carried

carried them away again without paying for them; nay, without saying one Word, or giving me to know who she was. I was astonish'd, when I considered that at this Rate she left me without any Security, of not being troubled if she never came again. She has paid me, thinks I to my self, a good round Sum; but she leaves me in the lurch for another that runs much deeper. Sure, she can't be a Cheat; it is not possible she can have any such Design as to inveigle me to my Ruin: The Merchants do not know her; they'll all come upon me. In short, my Love was not so powerful as to guard off the Uneasiness I was under, when I reflected upon all Circumstances: A whole Month passed before I heard any thing of my Lady again, and during that Time the Alarm grew higher and higher every Day. The Merchants were impatient for their Money, and to satisfy them, I was e'en going to sell off all I had; when the Lady returned one Morning with the same Equipage as before.

Take your Weights, said she, and weigh the Gold I have brought you. These Words dispell'd my Fear, and inflamed my Love. Before we told down the Money, she asked me several Questions, and particularly if I was married. I made answer, I never was. Then reaching out the Gold to the Eunuch, let's have your Interposition, said she, to accommodate our Matters: Upon which the Eunuch fell a laughing and calling me aside, made me weigh the Gold. While I was weighing the Gold, the Eunuch whispered in my Ear, I know by your Eyes you love this Lady, and I'm surprized to find that you have not the Assurance to disclose your Love to her. She loves you more passionately than you do her. Do you imagine that she has any real occasion for your Stuffs? She only makes an Errand to come hither, because you have inspired her with a violent Passion. Do but ask her the Question, it will be your own Fault only if you do not marry her. 'Tis true, said I, I have had a Love for her from the first Moment that I cast my Eyes upon her; but I durst not aspire to the Happiness of thinking my Love acceptable to her. I am entirely hers, and shall not fail to retain a grateful Sense of your good Offices in that Matter.

In fine, I made an end of weighing the Gold, and while I was putting it into the Bag, the Eunuch turned to the La-

dy, and told her I was *satisfied*; that being the *Word* they had both agreed upon between themselves. Presently after that, the Lady rose and took leave, telling me, she would send the Eunuch to me, and that I should do what he directed me to in her Name.

I carried every one of the Merchants their Money, and waited some Days with Impatience for the Eunuch. At last he came. But here *Scheherazade* stopp'd, because it was Day, and pursued the Sequel of her Story next Night in the following manner.

The Hundred and Forty Fourth Night.

I Entertained the Eunuch very kindly, said the *Bagdad* Merchant, and asked him how his Mistress did; You are, said he, the happiest Lover in the World; she is quite sick of Love for you; she covets extremely to see you, and were she master of her own Conduct, would not fail to come to you, and willingly pass all the Moments of her Life in your Company. Her noble Mein and graceful Carriage, said I, gave me to know that she was a Lady beyond the common Level. The Judgment you have formed upon that Head, said the Eunuch, is very just; she is that Favourite of *Zobeide* the Califf's Lady, who has brought her up from her Infancy, and intrusts her with all her Affairs. Having a mind to marry, she has declared to the Califf's Lady, that she has cast her Eyes upon you, and desired her Consent. *Zobeide* told her she agreed to it, only she had a Mind to see you first, in order to judge if she had made a good Choice; the which if she had, *Zobeide* meant to defray the Charges of the Wedding. Thus you see your Felicity is certain, since you have pleased the Favourite, you'll be equally agreeable to the Mistress who seeks only to oblige her Favourite, and would by no means thwart her Inclination. In fine, all you have to do is to come to the Palace. I am sent hither to call you, so you'll please to come to a Resolution. My Resolve is formed already, said I, and I'm ready to follow you whithersoever you please to conduct me. Very well, said the Eunuch; but you know Men are not allowed to enter the Lady's Apartments in the Palace, and so you must be introduced with great Secrecy. The Favourite Lady has contrived the matter
very

very well. Upon your Side, you are to act your Part, and that very discreetful, for if you do not, your Life is at Stake.

I gave him repeated Assurances of a punctual Performance of whatever should be enjoined me. Then, said he, in the Evening you must be at the Mosque built by the Califf's Lady on the Bank of the *Tigris*, and stay there till one comes to call you. I agreed to all he proposed ; and after passing the Day in great Impatience, went in the Evening to the Prayer that's said an Hour and a half after Sun-set in the Mosque, and there I stayed after all the People were gone.

Soon after I saw a Boat making up to the Mosque, the Rowers of which were all Eunuchs, who came on Shore and put severall large Trunks into the Mosque, and then retired ; only one of them staid behind, whom I perceived to be the same Eunuch that had all along accompanied the Lady, and had been with me that Morning. Much about the same time I saw the Lady enter the Mosque ; and making up to her, told her I was ready to obey her Orders. Come, come, said she, we have no time to lose ; with that, she opened one of the Trunks, and bid me get into it, that being necessary both for her Safety and mine. Fear nothing, added she, leave the Management of all to me. I consider'd with my self, I had gone too far to look back ; and so obey'd her Orders, upon which she locked the Trunk. This done, the Eunuch that was her Confident, called the other Eunuchs who had brought in the Trunks, and order'd 'em to carry them on board again. Then the Lady and Eunuch re-imbarqued, and the Boat-Men row'd to *Zobeide's* Apartment.

In the mean time I reflected very seriously upon the Danger to which I had expos'd my self ; and made Vows and Prayers, tho' it was then too late.

The Boat put into the Palace Gate, and the Trunks were carried into the Apartment of the Officer of the Eunuchs, who keep the Key of the Lady's Apartments, and suffers nothing to enter without a narrow Inspection : The Officer was then in Bed, and so there was a necessity of calling him up — But now, Sir, said *Scheherazade*, I see 'tis Day ; upon which *Schahriar* rose to hold a Council, resolving to hear the rest of the Story next Night.

The

The Hundred and Forty Fifth Night.

SOME Minutes before Day, the Sultaneſs of the *Indies* waking, purſued her Story as follows. The Officer of the Eunuchs, continued the *Bagdad* Merchant, was angry that they ſhould break his Reſt, and chide the Favourite Lady ſeverely for coming home ſo late; You ſhall not come off ſo eaſily as you think for, ſaid he; not one of theſe Trunks ſhall paſs till I have opened 'em every one. At the ſame time he commanded the Eunuchs to bring 'em before him, and open 'em one by one. The firſt they begun with was that where I lay, which run me to the laſt degree of Conſternation.

The Favourite Lady, who had the Key of that Trunk, proteſted it ſhould not be opened. You know very well, ſaid ſhe, I bring nothing hither but what is to ſerve Zobeide your Miſtreſs and mine, this Trunk, continued ſhe, is filled with rich Goods that I had from ſome Merchants lately arrived, beſides a Number of Bottles of * *Zemzem* Water ſent from *Mecca*; and if any of theſe ſhould happen to break, the Goods will be ſpoiled, and then you muſt answer for them, Zobeide will take care, I'll warrant you, to reſent your Inſolence. In fine, ſhe ſtood up ſo right to the Matter, that the Officer did not dare to take upon him to open any of the Trunks. Let them go then, ſaid he, carry them off. Upon that the Lady's Apartment was opened, and all the Trunks were carried in.

* *There is a Fountain at Mecca, which according to the Mahometans, is a Spring that God ſhewed to Hagar after Abraham was obliged to put her away. The Water of this Spring is drunk by way of Devotion, and is ſent in Presents to the Princes and Princeſſes.*

They were ſcarce got in, when all on a ſudden I heard theſe Folks cry, here's the Califf, here comes the Califf! This put me in ſuch a Fright, that I wonder I did not die upon the Spot; for in effect it was the Califf. What haſt thou got in theſe Trunks, ſaid he to the Favourite? Some Stuffs, ſaid ſhe, lately arriv'd, which your Maſteſty's Lady had a mind to ſee. Open 'em, cried he, and let me ſee 'em too. She pretended to excuſe her ſelf, alledging the Stuffs were

were only proper for Ladies, and that by opening them his Lady would be deprived of the pleasure of seeing them first. I say, open them, cried the Califf; I have a mind to see them, and I will see them. She still represented that her Mistress would be angry with her if she opened them; No, no, said he, I'll engage she shall not say a Word to you for so doing; Come, come, open them, I can't stay.

There was a Necessity of obeying, which gave me such shocking Alarms, that I tremble every time I think on't. Down sat the Califf; and the Favourite ordered all the Trunks to be brought before him one after another. Then she opened them, and to spin out the Time, shewed all the Beauties of each particular Stuff, thinking thereby to tire out his Patience; but her Stratagem did not take. Being as loth as I to have the Trunk where I lay opened, she left that last. So when all the rest were viewed, come, says the Califf, make an end; let's see what's in that one. I am at a loss to tell you whether I was dead or alive that Moment; for I little thought of escaping so great a Danger.

Day appearing, *Scheherazade* stopp'd; but carried on her Story next Night as follows.

The Hundred and Forty Sixth Night.

WHEN Zobeide's Favourite, continued the *Bagdad* Merchant, saw that the Califf would needs have the Trunk open'd, where I lay: As for this Trunk, said she, your Majesty will please to dispence with the opening of it, there are some Things in it which I can't shew you without your Lady be by. Well, well, said the Califf since it is so, I am satisfied; order the Trunks to be carried away. The Word was no sooner spoke, than the Trunks were moved into her Chamber, where I began to come to life again.

As soon as the Eunuchs, who had brought them, were gone, we presently opened the Trunk where I was Prisoner. Come out, said she, go up these Stairs that lead to an upper Room, and stay there till I come. The Door which led to the Stairs she lock'd after I was in; and that was no sooner done, than the Califf came and clapped him down upon the very Trunk where I had been. The Occasion of
this

this Visit was a Motion of Curiosity that did not respect me. He had a mind to discourse the Lady about what she had seen or heard in the City. So they discoursed together a pretty while; and then he left her, and retired to his Apartment.

When she found the Coast clear, she came to the Chamber where I was, and made many Apologies for the Alarms she had given me. My Uneasiness, said she, was no less than yours; you can't well doubt of that, since I have run the same risque out of Love to you; perhaps another Person would not have had the Presence of Mind to manage Matters so dextrously, upon so tender an Occasion; nothing less than the Love I had for you, could have inspired me with Courage to do it. But come, take heart, now the Danger is over. After some tender Discourse between us, she told me it was time to go to Bed, and that she would not fail to introduce me to *Zobeide* her Mistress, to Morrow some Hour of the Day; for the Califf never sees her, added she, at Nights. Heartned by these Words, I slept very well; or at least whatever Interruptions happen'd to my Sleep, were agreeable Disquietings, caused by the Hopes of enjoying a Lady that was blest with such sparkling Wit and Beauty.

The next Day, before I was introduced to *Zobeide*, her Favourite instructed me how to behave before her, naming much the same Questions as she put to me, and dictating the Answers I was to give. This done, she carried me into a very magnificent and richly furnish'd Hall: I was no sooner entred than Twenty she Slaves, in rich and uniform Habits, came out of *Zobeide's* Apartment, and placed themselves very modestly before the Throne in two equal Rows; they were followed by twenty other Ladies, that looked younger, and were cloathed after the same manner, only their Habits appeared somewhat gayer. In the middle of these appeared *Zobeide* with a majestick Air, and so loaded with Jewels that she could scarce walk. Then *Zobeide* went and sat down on the Throne, and the favourite Lady, who had accompanied her, stood just by her on her Right Hand; the other Ladies being placed at some distance on each side of the Throne.

As soon as the Califf's Lady was set down, the Slaves that came in first made a sign for me to approach. So I advanced between the Rows they had formed, and prostrated myself upon the Tapestry that was under the Princess's Feet. She ordered me to rise, and did me the Honour to ask my Name, my Family, and the Condition of my Fortune; upon all which I gave her satisfactory Answers, as I perceived, not only by her Countenance, but by her Words; I am very glad, said she, that my Daughter (so she used to call the favourite Lady, looking upon her as such after the Care she had taken of her Education) I am glad, she has made a Choice that pleases me; I approve of it, and give Consent to your Marriage. I'll give Orders myself for what is to be done in solemnizing it; but I want to have her stay ten Days with me before the Solemnity; and in that time I'll speak to the Califf and obtain his Consent: Mean while do you stay here; you shall be taken care of.

Scheherazade perceiving Day, stopp'd here, but went on next Night as follows.

The Hundred and Forty Seventh Night.

PURsuant to the Califf's Lady's Orders, continued the *Bagdad Merchant*, I staid ten Days in the Lady's Apartments; and during that time was deprived of the Pleasure of seeing the Favourite Lady; but was so well used by her Orders, that I had no Reason to be dissatisfied.

Zobeide told the Califf her Resolution of marrying the favourite Lady; and the Califf leaving to her the Liberty of doing upon that Head what she pleased, granted the Favourite a considerable Sum to help out her Fortune. When the ten Days were expired, *Zobeide* ordered the Contract of Marriage to be drawn up, and the necessary Preparations being made for the Solemnity, the Dancers (both Men and Women) were call'd in, and there were great Rejoicings, in the Palace for nine Days. The tenth Day being appointed for the last Ceremony of the Marriage, the favourite Lady was conducted to a Bath, and I to another. At Night I sat down to Table, and had all manner of Rarities served up to me, and among other things Ragoo with Garlick, such as you have now forced me to eat of. This Ragoo I liked so well, that I scarce touched any of the other

other Dishes. But such was my Unhappiness, that when I rose from the Table, I only wiped my Hands instead of washing them well; a Piece of Negligence I had never been guilty of before.

Tho' it was then Night, the whole Apartment of the Ladies was as light as Day, by means of many Illuminations. Nothing was to be heard all over the Palace, but Musical Instruments, and Acclamations of Joy. My Bride and I were introduced into a great Hall, where we were placed upon two Thrones. The Women that attended her, made her shift her self several times, and painted her Face with different sorts of Colours, according to the usual Custom on Wedding-Days; and every time she changed her Habit, they exposed her to my View.

In fine, all these Ceremonies being over, we were conducted to the Wedding-Room, where, as soon as the Company retired, I approached to embrace my Mistress; but instead of answering me with Transports, she shoved me off, and cried out most fearfully; upon which all the Ladies of the Apartment came running into the Chamber, to know what she cried for. And for my own part, I was so Thunder-struck, that I stood like a Post, without the Power so much as asking what she meant by it. Dear Sister, said they to her, what is the matter? Let us know it that we may try to relieve you. Take, said she, take out of my sight that vile Fellow. Why, Madam, said I, where in have I deserved your Displeasure? You're a Villain, said she with furious Passion, what to eat Garlick, and not wash your Hands! D'ye think I'd suffer such a filthy Fellow to touch me? Down with him, down with him upon the Ground continued she, addressing her self to the Ladies; and pray let me have a good Bull's Pizzle. In short, I was thrown upon the Ground, and while some held my Hands, and others my Feet, my Wife, who was presently furnish'd with a weapon, laid me on most unmercifully till I could scarce breathe. Then she said to the Ladies, take him, send him to the justitiary Judge, and let the Hand be cut off with which he fed upon the Garlick Ragoo.

God Bless my Soul, cried I, must I be beat and bruised, and unmercifully mauled, and still, to complete my Affliction, have my Hand cut off! and all for eating of a Ragoo with Garlick, and forgetting to wash my Hands; What Proportion is there between

between the Punishment and the Crime! Plague on the Ragoo, Plague on the Cook that dressed it, and may he be equally unhappy that served it up.

Here the Sultaness discontinued her Story, observing the Dawn of Day; and *Schahriar* rose, laughing heartily at the Favourite Lady's Anger, and curious to know the Upshot of the Story.

The Hundred and Forty Eighth Night.

NEXT Morning *Scheherazade*, waking before Day, resumed the Thread of her Discourse to this Purpose, All the Ladies that were by, continued the *Bagdad Merchant*, took Pity of me when they heard the cutting of my Hand spoken of. *Dear Madam, dear Sister*, said they to the Favourite Lady, *you carry your Resentment too far. We own he's a Man quite ignorant of the World, that does not observe your Quality, and the Regards that are due to you: But we beseech you to overlook and pardon the Fault he has committed. I have not received suitable Satisfaction*, said she, *I'll teach him to know the World, I'll make him bear the sensible Marks of his Impertinence, and be cautious hereafter how he tastes a Garlick Ragoo without washing his Hands* However, they still continued their Sollicitation, and fell down at her Feet, and kissing her fair Hand. *Good Madam*, said they, *in the Name of God moderate your Wrath, and grant the Favour we request.* She answered ne'er a Word, but got up, and after throwing out a thousand hard Words against me, walked out of the Chamber; and all the Ladies followed her, leaving me in unconceivable Affliction.

I continued there ten Days, without seeing any body but an old Woman Slave that brought me Victuals. I asked the old Woman what was become of the Favourite Lady. *She's sick*, said the old Woman, *she's sick*, said the old Woman, *she's sick of the poison'd Smell you infect her with, Why did not you take care to wash your Hands after eating of that cursed Ragoo? Is it possible, thought I to my self, that those Ladies can be so nice, and so vindictive for so small a Fault! In the mean time I loved my Wife, notwithstanding all her Cruelty.*

One day the old Woman told me, my Spouse was recovered, and gone to bathe, and would come to see me the
next

next Day. So, said she, I would have you to call up your Patience, and endeavour to accommodate your self to her Humour. Besides, she's a Woman of good Sense and Discretion, and intirely beloved by all the Ladies about *Zobeide's* Court.

In Effect, my Wife came next Night and accosted me thus, You see I'm too good in seeing you again, after the Affront you have offered me: But still I can't stoop to be reconciled to you, till I have punished you according to your demerit, in not washing your Hands after eating the Garlick Ragoo. This said, she called the Ladies, who, by her Order, threw me upon the Ground; and after binding me fast, had the Barbarity to cut off my Thumbs and great Toes themselves with a Razor. One of the Ladies applied a certain Root to stanch the Blood; but what by Bleeding, and what by the Pain, I swooned away.

When I came to my self, they gave me Wine to drink to recruit my Strength. Ah! Madam, said I to my Wife, if ever I eat of a Garlick Ragoo again, I solemnly swear to wash my Hands 120 times with the Herb *Alkali*, with the Ashes of the same Plant, and with Soap. Well, replied my Wife, upon that Condition I am willing to forget what's past and live with you as my Husband.

This continued the *Bagdad* Merchant, addressing himself to the Company, This is the Reason why I refused to eat of the Garlick Ragoo that's now upon the Table.

Day appearing stopp'd *Scheherazade*; but next Night she went on to the following Purpose.

The Hundred and Forty Ninth Night.

SIR, to make an end of the *Bagdad* Merchant's Story, The Ladies, said he, applied to my Wounds not only the Root I mentioned to you, but likewise some Balsam of *Necca*, which they were morally assured was not adulterated, because they had it out of the Califf's own Dispensary. By Virtue of that admirable Balsam was I perfectly cured in few Days, and my Wife and I lived together as agreeable as if I never had eat of the Garlick Ragoo. But having been all my Life-time used to the Liberty of ranging abroad, I was very uneasy at the being confined to the Califf's Palace; and yet I said nothing of it to my Wife for fear of displeasing

pleasing her. However she smelt it; and wanted nothing more her self, than to get out, for it was gratitude alone that made her continue with *Zobeide*. In fine, being a very witty Woman, she represented in such lively Terms to her Mistress the Constraint I was under, in not living in the City with my Fellow Companions, as I had always done; this she did so effectually that the good Princess chose rather to deprive her self of the Pleasure of having her Favourite about her, than not to grant what she equally desired.

In pursuance of this Grant about a Month after Marriage, my Wife came in my Room with several Eunuchs, carrying each of them a Bag of Silver. When the Eunuchs were gone; You never told me, said she, that you were uneasy in being confined to Court; but I perceived it very well, and have happily found Means to make you contented. My Mistress *Zobeide* gives us leave to go out of the Palace; and here are Fifty thousand Sequins, of which she has made us a Present, in order to enable us to live comfortable in the City. Prithee take ten Thousand of them, and go and buy us a House.

I quickly found a House for the Money, and after furnishing it richly, we went and lived in it; and kept a great many Slaves of both Sexes with a very pretty Equipage. In short we began to live after a very agreeable Manner, but it did not last long. At a Year's end my wife fell sick and died.

I might have married again and lived honourably at *Bagdad*; But the Curiosity of seeing the World put me upon other Thoughts, I sold my House, and after buying up several sorts of Goods, I went with a Caravan to *Persia*, from *Persia* I travelled to *Samaroande*, and from thence hither.

This, said the Purveyor to the Sultan of *Casgar*, this is the Story that the *Bagdad* Merchant told in a Company where I was yesterday. This Story, said the Sultan, has something in it that's extraordinary; but it does not come near that of my little Hunch-back. Then the *Jewish* Physician prostrated himself before the Sultan's Throne, and, rising again, addressed himself to that Prince in the following Manner. Sir, if you will be so good as to hear me, I flatter my self you will be pleased with a Story I have to tell

tell to you. Well spoke, said the *Sultan*, but if it is not more surprizing than that of little Hunch-back, do not you expect to live.

Day appearing, the Sultanes stopped here; but resum'd her Discourse next Night as follows.

The Hundred and Fiftieth Night.

SIR, said she, the *Jewish* Physician, finding the *Sultan* of *Casgar* disposed to hear him, gave the following Relation.

The Story of the JEWISH Physician.

SIR, when I was a Student of Physick, and just beginning the Practice of that noble Profession with some Reputation, a Man slave called me to see a Patient in the Governor of the City's Family. Accordingly, I went, and was carried into a Room, where I found a very proper handsome young Man mightily cast down with his Condition: I saluted him, and sat down by him; but he made no return to my Compliments, only a Sign with his Eyes that he heard me, and thanked me. Pray, Sir, said I, give your Hand, that I may feel your Pulse. But instead of stretching out his Right he gave me his Left Hand, at which I was extremely surprized. This, thinks I to my self, is a gross Piece of Ignorance, that he does not know that People present their Right Hand, and not their Left to a Physician. However, I felt his Pulse, and writ him a Receipt, and so took leave.

I continued my Visits for nine Days, and every time I felt his Pulse he still gave me the Left Hand. On the tenth Day he seem'd to be pretty well, and so I prescrib'd nothing for him but bathing. The Governor of *Damascus*, who was by, did, in Testimony of his being well satisfied with my Service, invest me with a very rich Robe, saying, he made me a Physician of the City Hospital, and Physician in ordinary to his House, where I might freely eat at his Table when I pleased.

The young Man likewise shewed me many Civilities, and asked me to accompany him to the Bath. Accordingly we went together, and when his Attendants had undressed

sed

sed him, I perceived he wanted the Right Hand, and that it had not been long cut off, which had been the Occasion of his Distemper, tho' conceal'd from me; for while the People about him were applying proper Medicines externally, they had called me to prevent the ill Consequence of the Fever he was then in. I was very much surprized, and concern'd in seeing his Misfortune; which he observed by my Countenance. *Doctor*, cried he, *do not be astonish'd to see that my Hand is cut off, some Day or other I'll tell you the Occasion of it, and in that Relation you'll be entertain'd with very surprizing Adventures.*

After we had done bathing, we sat down and eat, and after we had some other Discourse together, he asked me if it would be any Prejudice to his Health, if he went and fetch'd a walk out of Town in the Governor's Garden, I made Answer, it would be so far from that, that it would benefit his Health. *Since it is so*, said he, *if you'll let me have your Company, I'll tell you the History of my Adventures.* I replied, I was at his Command for all that Day. Upon which he presently called his Servants to bring something for a Collation, and so we went to the Governor's Garden. There we took two or three Turns, and then sat down upon a Carpet that his Servants had spread under a Tree, which gave a very pleasant Shade. After we were set, the young Man gave his History in the following Terms.

I was born, said he, at *Moussoul*, and come of one of the most considerable Families in the City. My Father was the eldest of ten Brothers, that were all alive, and all married when my Grandfather died. All the Brothers were Childless, but my Father; and he had ne'er a Child but me. He took a particular Care of my Education; and made me learn every thing that was proper for a Child of my Quality.—But, Sir, said *Scheherazade*, I am enjoined silence by the Day which now appears, So she stopped, and the Sultan rose.

The Hundred and Fifty First Night.

NEXT Morning *Scheherazade* continued her last Story as follows. Sir, said she, the Jewish Physician

an addressing himself to the Sultan of *Casgar*, the young Gentleman of *Moussoul*, said he, went on thus.

When I was grown pretty tall, and beginning to keep Company with the World, I happened one *Friday* to be at Noon Prayers, with my Father and my Uncles, in the great Mosque of *Moussoul*. And after Prayers were over, the rest of the Company going away, my Father and my Uncles continued sitting upon the best Tapestry in the Mosque, and I sat down by 'em. They discoursed of several Things, but they fell insensibly, I do not know how, upon the Subject of Voyages. They extoll'd the Beauties and peculiar Rarities of some Kingdoms, and of their principal Cities. But one of my Uncles said, that according to the uniform Report of an infinite Number of Voyages, there was none in the World a pleasanter Country than *Egypt* and the *Nile*; and the Account he gave of 'em infus'd into me such a charming Idea of them, that from that very Moment I had a Desire to travel. Whatever my other Uncles said, by way of Preference to *Bagdad* and the *Tigris*, in calling *Bagdad* the true Residence of the Musselman Religion, and the Metropolis of all the Cities in the Earth, all this made no Impression upon me. My Father joined in his Opinion with those who had spoken on the Behalf of *Egypt*, which gave me a great deal of Joy. Say what you will, said he, he that has not seen *Egypt* has not seen the greatest Rarity in the World. All the Land there is Golden, I mean 'tis so fertile that it enriches its Inhabitants. All the Women of that Country are charming, either in their Beauty, or in their agreeable Carriage. If you speak of the *Nile*, pray where is there a more admirable River? What Water was ever lighter or more delicious? The very Slime it carries along in its overflowing, fattens the Field so, that without manuring they produce a Thousand times more than other Countries that are cultivated with great Labour. Do but mind what a Poet said of the *Egyptians*, when he was obliged to depart *Egypt*. "Your *Nile* loads you with good Offices
 "every Day; 'tis for you only that it travels so far. Alas!
 "in removing from you, my Tears are going to run as
 "abundantly as its Water; you are to continue in the
 "Enjoyment of its Sweetnesses, while I am condemned
 "to rob my self of 'em against my Will."

If you look, added my Father, towards the Island that's form'd by the two greatest Branches of the *Nile*; what Variety of Verdure have you there! What Enamel of all sorts of Flowers! What a prodigious number of Cities, Villages, Canals and a thousand other agreeable Objects! If you cast your Eyes on the other side, steering up towards *Ethiopia*, how many other Subjects of Admiration! I can't compare the Verdure of so many Plains, watered with the different Canals of the Island, better than to sparkling Emeralds set in Silver. Is not great *Cairo* the largest, the most populous, and the richest City in the Universe? What a prodigious Number of magnificent Edifices both publick and private! If you view the Pyramids, you'll be seized with Astonishment: You'll turn stiff and unmoveable at the sight of these Masses of Stone, of an extravagant Thickness, which rise to the Skies; you'll be obliged to profess, that the *Pharaohs* who employed such Riches, and so many Men in building them, must have surpassed all the Monarchs that have appeared since, not only in *Egypt*, but all the World over, in Magnificence and Invention; so transcendent are the Monuments they have left worthy of their Memory: Monuments so ancient, that the Learned can't agree upon the Time of their Erection; and yet such as stand to this Day and will last while Ages are. I silently pass over the Maritime Cities of the Kingdom of *Egypt*, such as *Damiera*, *Rosetum*, *Alexandria*, &c. where the Lord knows how many Nations come for a thousand sorts of Grain, Seeds, Cloath, and an infinite Number of other Things calculated for the Conveniency and the Delight of Men. What I speak of, I have some occasion to know; I spent some Years of my Youth there, which, as long as I live, I shall always reckon the most agreeable Part of my Life.

Scheherazade was running on at this Rate, when Daylight appear'd and made her mute. But towards the Clole of the ensuing Night, she pursued her Story in the following manner.

The Hundred and Fifty Second Night.

MY Uncles had no Answer to give to my Father, continued the Young Man of *Moussoul*, and agreed to all he had said of the *Nile*, of *Cairo*, and of the whole Kingdom of *Egypt*. As for my own Part, I was so taken with it, that I had never a wink of Sleep that Night. Soon after, my Uncles declared of themselves how much they were touched with my Father's Discourse. They made a Proposal to him, that they should travel all together into *Egypt*. He accepted of the Proposal; and being rich Merchants, they resolved to carry with them such Goods as would go off there. I came to know that they were making Preparations for their Departure; and thereupon went to my Father and begged of him, with Tears in my Eyes, that he would suffer me to go along with him, and allow me some Stock of Goods to trade with my self: *You're too young yet*, said my Father, *to travel into Egypt, the Fatigue is too great for you, and beside I'm sure you'll come off a Loser in your Traffick*. However these Words did not cure me of the eager Desire I had to travel. I made use of my Uncles Interest with my Father, who at last granted me leave to go as far as *Damascus*? where they would drop me, till they went through their Travels into *Egypt*. *The City of Damascus*, said my Father, *may likewise glory in its Beauties, and 'tis very well if my Son has Leave to go so far*. Tho' my Curiosity to see *Egypt* was very pressing, I considered he was my Father, and submitted to his will.

So I set out from *Mossoul* with him and my Uncles; we travelled through *Mesopotamia*, passed the *Euphrates*, and arrived at *Halep*; where we staid some Days. From thence we went to *Damascus*, the first Sight of which was a very agreeable Surprizal to me. We lodg'd in one *Khan*; and I had the view of a City, that was large, populous, full of fine People, and very well fortified. We employed some Days in walking up and down the delicious Gardens that surround it; and we all agreed that *Damascus* was justly said to be seated in a Paradise. At last my Uncles thought of pursuing their Journey; but took care before they went to sell my Goods, which they did

so advantageously for me, that I got five Hundred *per Cent.* This Sale fetched me so considerable a Sum, that I was transported to see my self Possessor of it.

My Father and my Uncles left me in *Damascus*, and pursued their Journey. After their Departure, I used mighty Caution not to lay out their Money idly. But at the same time I took a stately House, all of Marble, adorn'd with Pictures of Gold, and pure branched Work, and excellent Water-works. I furnished it, not so richly indeed as the Magnificence of the Place deserved, but at least handsomely enough for a young Man of my Condition. It had formerly belonged to one of the principal Lords of the City, whose Name was *Moudoun Adalrah*; but then was the Property of a rich Jewel Merchant, to whom I paid for it only two

* *A Sheriff is the same with a Sequin. This Word is in the ancient Authors.*

* *Sheriffs* a Month. I had a good large Number of Domesticks, and lived honourably; sometimes I gave Entertainments to such People as I was

acquainted with, and sometimes I went and was treated by them. Thus did I spend my Time at *Damascus*, waiting for my Father's Return; no Passion disturb'd my Repose, and my only Employment was conversing with People of Credit.

One Day as I sat taking the cool Air at my Gate, a very handsome fine Lady came to me, and asked if I did not sell Stuffs; but no sooner spoke the words than she went into my House.

Here *Scheherazade* stopp'd, perceiving Day; but the next Night went on as follows.

The Hundred and Fifty Third Night.

WHEN I saw, said the young Gentleman of *Moussoul*, that the Lady had gone into the House, I rose, and having shut the Gate, carried her into a Hall, and pray'd her to sit down. "Madam, (said I) I have had "Stuffs that were fit to be shewn to you, but I have 'em "not now, for which I am very sorry." She took off the Veil that covered her Face, and made a Beauty sparkle in my Eyes, which affected me with such Motions as I had

had never felt before. " I have no occasion for Stuffs, " (said she) only come to see you, and pass the Evening " with you, if you are pleas'd with it, all I ask of you is " a light Collation.

Transported with such happy Luck, I order'd my Folks to bring us several sorts of Fruit, and some Bottle of Wine. They serv'd us nimbly; and we eat and drank and made merry till Midnight. In short, I had not pass'd a Night so agreeably all the while I had been there: Next Morning I would have put ten *Sheriffs* in the Lady's Hands, but she refused them; *I am not come to see you said she, from a Design of Interest; you affront me, I am so far from receiving Money of you, that I desire you to take Money of me, or else I'll see you no more.* In speaking this, she clapped her Hand in her Purse, took out ten *Sheriffs* and forced me to take 'em. You may expect me three Days hence after Sun-set. Then she took Leave of me, and I felt that when she went she carried my Heart along with her.

She did not fail to return at the appointed Hour Three Days after; and I did not fail to receive her with all the Joy of a Person that waited impatiently for her Arrival. The Evening and the Night we spent as before; and next Day at parting she promised to return the Third Day after. However, she did not go without forcing me to take ten *Sheriffs* more.

She return'd a third Time, and at that Interview when we were both warm with Wine, she spoke thus, *My dear Heart, what do you think of me? Am not I handsome and agreeable? Madam, said I, All the Marks of Love with which I entertain you, ought to persuade you, that I love you; I am charmed in seeing you, and more so in enjoying you. You're my Queen, my Sultaneſs, in you lies all the Felicity of my Life.* Ah! Sir, replied she, I am assured you would speak otherwise, if you saw a certain Lady of my Acquaintance that's younger and handsomer than I. She's a Lady of such a pleasant jocund Temper, as would make the most melancholy People merry. I must bring her hither; I spoke of you to her, and from the Account I have given of you, she dies of desire to see you. She intreated me to gain her that Pleasure, but I did not dare to humour her without speaking to you before-hand. Ma-

dam, said I, you shall do what you please; but whatever you may say of your Friend, I defy all her Charms to tear my Heart from you, to whom 'tis so inviolably tied, that nothing can disengage it. Do not be too positive, said she, I now tell you, I'm about to put your Heart to a strange Trial.

We stayed together all Night, and next Morning at parting, instead of Ten *Sheriffs*, she gave me Fifteen, which I was forced to accept. Remember, said she, that in Two Days Time you're to have a new Guest; pray take care to give her a good Reception: We'll come at the usual Hour, after Sun set. I took care to have my Hall in great order, and a nice Collation prepared against they came.

Here *Scheherazade* observing it was Day stopp'd; but next Night she went on as follows.

The Hundred and Fifty Fourth Night.

SI R, the Young Man of *Moussoul*, recounting the History of his Adventures to the *Jewish* Physician, continued thus. I waited, said he, for the Two Ladies with Impatience, and at last they arrived, They both unveil'd themselves, and as I had been surpriz'd with the Beauty of the first, I had reason to be much more so when I saw her Friend. She had regular Features, a lively Complexion, and such sparkling Eyes that I could hardly bear their Splendor, I thanked her for the Honour she did me, and intreated her to excuse me, if I did not give her the Reception she deserved. No Compliments, said she, it should be my part to make them to you for allowing my Friend to bring me hither. But since you are pleas'd to suffer it; let's lay aside all Ceremony, and think of nothing but being merry.

As soon as the Ladies arrived, the Collation was served up, and we sat down to Supper. I sat opposite to the stranger Lady, and she never left off looking upon me with a Smile: I could not resist her conquering Eyes, and she made her self Mistress of my Heart with such Force, that I had not power to offer Opposition. But inspiring me she took Fire her self, and was equally touch'd; and was so far from shewing any thing of Constraint in her Carriage, that she told me very sensible moving things.

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The other Lady, who minded us, did nothing at first but laugh at us. I told you, said she, addressing her self to me, you would find my Friend full of Charms; and I perceive you have already violated the Oath you made me of being faithful to me. Madam, said I, laughing as well as she; you would have Reason to complain of me, if I were wanting in Civility to a Lady that you brought hither, and one whom you are fond of; you might then upbraid me, both of you, for not knowing the Measures of Hospitality and Entertainment.

We continued to drink on; but as the Wine grew warm in our Stomachs, the Stranger Lady and I ogled one another with so little Reserve, that her Friend grew Jealous, and quickly gave us a dismal Proof of her Jealousy. She rose from the Table and went out, saying, she would be with us presently again: But a few Moments after, the Lady that staid with me changed her Countenance, fell into violent Convulsions, and in fine expired in my Arms, while I was calling for the People to come and assist me to relieve her. Immediately I went out, and asked for the other Lady; and my People told me she had opened the Street-Door and gone out of Doors. Then I suspected what was really true, that she had been the Cause of her Friend's Death. In fine she had the Dexterity, and the Malice, to put some very strong Poison into the last Glass, which she gave her out of her own Hand.

I was afflicted to the last Degree with the Accident. What shall I do, thinks I within my self? What will become of me? I thought there was no time to lose, and so it being then Moon-light, made my Servants quietly take up a great piece of Marble with which the Yard of my House was paved; under that I made 'em dig a Hole presently, and there inter the Corps of the Young Lady. After replacing the Stone, I put on a travelling Suit, and took what Silver I had; and having lock'd up every thing, affixed my own Seal to the Door of my House. This done, I went to see for the Jewel Merchant my Landlord, payed him what Rent I ow'd, with a Year's Rent more, and giving him the Key, prayed him to keep it for me. A very urging Affair, said I, obliges me to be absent for some time; I am under a Necessity of going to find out my Uncles at *Cairo*. In fine, I took leave of him, and that

very Moment mounted my Horse, and set out with my Equipage.

Day appearing *Scheherazade* discontinued her Discourse; but resumed it next Night as follows.

The Hundred and Fifty Fifth Night.

I Had a good Journey, continued the Young Man of *Moussoul*, and arrived at *Cairo*, without any ill Accident. There I met with my Uncles, who were very much surprized to see me there. To excuse my self, I pretended I was tired of staying for them; and hearing nothing of them, was so uneasy, that I could not be satisfied without coming to *Cairo*. They received me very kindly, and promised my Father should not be angry with me for leaving *Damascus* without his Permission. I lodged in the same *Khan* with them, and saw all the Curiosities of *Cairo*.

Having finished their Traffick, they began to speak of returning to *Moussoul*, and to make Preparations for their Departure. But I having a mind to see something in *Egypt* that I had not yet seen, left my Uncles, and went to lodge at a great distance from their *Khan*, and did not appear till they were gone. They had sought for me all over the City; but not finding me, they judg'd the Remorse of having come to *Egypt* without my Father's Consent, had put me upon returning to *Damascus* without saying any thing to them. So they began their Journey, expecting to find me at *Damascus*, and there to take me up.

I continued at *Cairo* after their Departure three Years, to give full Satisfaction to the Curiosity I had of seeing all the Wonders of *Egypt*. During that time I took care to send Money to the Jewel-Merchant, ordering him to keep my House for me: For I had a design to return to *Damascus*, and stay there for some Years. I had no Adventure at *Cairo* worthy of your hearing; but doubtless you'll be surprized at that I met with after my return to *Damascus*.

Arriving at this City, I went to the Jewel-Merchant's House, who received me joyfully, and would needs go along with me to my House, to shew me that no Body had entred it whilst I was absent. In Effect the Seal was still

intire upon the Lock; and when I went in I found every thing in the same order in which I had left it.

In sweeping and cleaning out my Hall where I had used to eat, one of my Servants found a gold Chain Necklace with Ten very large and very perfect Pearls placed upon it at certain Distances. He brought it to me, and I knew it to be the same I had seen upon the Lady's Neck that was poisoned; and concluded it had broke off and fallen when I did not perceive it. I could not look upon it without shedding Tears, when I call'd to mind the lovely Creature I had seen die in so fatal a manner. I wrapp'd it up, and put it in my Bosom.

I pass'd some Days to work off the Fatigue of my Voyage; after which I began to visit my former Acquaintance. I abandoned my self to all manner of Pleasure, and insensibly squandered away all my Money. Being in this Condition, instead of selling my Moveables, I resolved to part with the Necklace: But I had so little Skill in Pearls, that I took my Measures very ill, as you shall hear.

I went to the *Bezeftin*, where I called a Crier aside, and shewing him the Necklace, told him I had a mind to sell it, and desired him to shew it to the principal Jewellers. The Crier was surprized to see such an Ornament. What a pretty thing it is, cried he, staring upon it with Admiration; never did our Merchants see any thing so rich; I'm sure I'll oblige them in shewing it to them; and you need not doubt they'll set a high Price upon it in Emulation with one another. He carried me to a Shop, which proved to be my Landlord's: Tarry here, says the Crier, I'll return presently and bring you an Answer.

While he was running about to shew the Necklace, I sat with the Jeweller who was glad to see me; and we discoursed of common Subjects. The Crier returned, and calling me aside, instead of telling me the Necklace was valued at two Thousand *Sheriffs*, he assured me no Body would give more than Fifty. The Reason is, added he, the Pearls are false; so see if you can part with it at that Price. I took the Fellow to be an honest Fellow, and wanting Money, Go, said I, *I trust what you say, and they who know better than I; deliver it to them, and bring me the Money immediately.*

The Crier had been ordered to offer me Fifty *Sheriffs* by one of the richest Jewellers in Town, who had only made that offer to sound me, and try if I was well acquainted with the Value of the Goods I exposed to Sale. He had no sooner received my Answer, than he carried the Crier to the Justiciary Judge, and shewing him the Necklace; Sir, said he, *here's a Necklace that was stole from me; and the Thief under the Character of a Merchant, has had the Impudence to offer it to Sale, and is at this Minute in the Bezestein. He's willing to take Fifty Sheriffs for a Necklace that's worth Two Thousand, which is a plain Argument that 'tis stole.*

The Judge sent immediately to seize me; and when I came before him, he ask'd me if the Necklace he had in his Hand was not the same that I had exposed to Sale in the *Bezestein*. I told him it was, Is it true, said he, that you are willing to deliver it for Fifty *Sheriffs*? I answer'd, it was, Well, said he, in a scoffing way, give him the *Basinado*; he'll quickly tell us, with all his fine Merchant's Gloaths, that he's only a downright Thief; let him be beat till he confesses. The Violence of the Blows made me tell a Lye, I confess'd, tho' it was not true, that I had stole the Necklace; and presently the Judge ordered my Hand to be cut off.

This made a great Noise in the *Bezestein*, and I was scarce returned to my House, when my Landlord came. My Son, said he, *you seem to be a young Man well educated, and of good Sense; how is it possible you could be guilty of such an unworthy Action! You gave me an Account of your Estate your self, and I do not doubt but the Account is just. Why did not you ask Money of me, and I would have lent it you? However, since the thing has happened, I can't allow you to lodge longer in my House; you must go and see for other Lodgings.* I was extremely troubled at this; and intreated the Jeweller with Tears in my Eyes to let me stay three Days longer in his House which he granted.

Alas, said I to my self, this Misfortune and Affront is insufferable; how shall I dare to return to *Moussoul*? There's nothing I can say to my Father, will persuade him that I am innocent.

Scheherazade perceiving Day, stopped here; but continued her Story next Day as follows.

The

The Hundred and Fifty Sixth Night.

THREE Hours after this fatal Accident, my House was assaulted by the Judge's Officers, accompanied with my Landlord and the Merchant that had falsely accused me of having stole the Necklace. I asked them, what brought them there? But instead of giving me any Answer, they bound me, calling me a thousand Rogues, and telling me the Necklace belonged to the Governor of *Damascus*, who had lost it above three Years ago, and whose Daughter had not been heard of since that time. Judge you what Thoughts rolled in my Mind, when I heard this News. However, I called all my Resolution about me; I'll tell, thinks I, I'll tell the Governor the Truth; and so it will lie at his Door either to put me to Death, or to pardon me.

When I was brought before him, I observed he look'd upon me with an Eye of Compassion, from whence I prophesied good things. He ordered me to be untied, and addressing himself to the Jeweller who accus'd me and to my Landlord: Is this the Man, said he, that sold the Pearl Necklace? They had no sooner answered yes; then he said, I'm sure he did not steal the Necklace, and I am much astonished at the Injustice that has been done him. These Words giving me Courage: Sir, said I, I do assure you I am in Eff. & very innocent. I am likewise fully persuaded the Necklace never did belong to my Accuser, whom I never saw, and whose horrible Perfidiousness is the Cause of my unjust Treatment. 'Tis true, I made a Confession as if I had stole it; but this I did contrary to my Conscience, thro' the Force of Torture, and of another Reason that I am ready to tell you, if you'll be so good as to hear me. I know enough of it already, replied the Governor, to do you one part of the Justice that is due to you. Take from hence, continued he, take the false Accuser, let him undergo the same Punishment he caus'd to be inflicted on this young Man; whose Innocence is known to me.

The Governor's Orders were immediately put in Execution; the Jeweller was punished according to his Demerit. Then the Governor having ordered all the Company to withdraw, said to me: My Child, tell me without fear
how

how this Necklace fell into your Hands, conceal nothing of the Matter from me. Then I told plainly all that had pass'd, and declared I had chosen rather to pass for a Thief, than to reveal that Tragical Adventure. Good God, said the Governor, thy Judgments are incomprehensible, and we ought to submit to them without Murmuring. I receive, with an entire Submission, the Stroke thou hast been pleased to inflict upon me. Then directing his Discourse to me; My Child, said he, having now heard the Cause of your Disgrace, for which I am very much concerned, I'll give you an Account of the Disgrace that befel me. Know then, that I am the Father of these two Young Ladies you were speaking of but now.

Scheherazade perceiving the Appearance of Day, stopped here; but went on next Night in the following manner.

The Hundred and Fifty Seventh Night.

SIR, said she, the Discourse that the Governor of *Damascus* made to the Young Man of *Moussoul*, was this, My Child, said the Governor, know that the first Lady, who had the Impudence to come to your House, was my eldest Daughter. I had given her in Marriage to one of her own Cousins, my own Brother's Son at *Cairo*. Her Husband died, and she returned home corrupted with all manner of Wickedness, which she had learned in *Egypt*. Before I took her home, her younger Sister who died in that deplorable manner in your Arms, was a very prudent young Woman, and had never given me any Occasion to complain of her Conduct. But after that, the eldest Sister grew very intimate with her, and insensibly made her as wicked as her self.

The Day after the Death of the youngest, not finding her at Table, I asked her eldest Sister what was become of her, but she instead of answering, fell a crying bitterly, from whence I formed a fatal Presage. I pressed her to inform me of what I asked her. My Father, said she with Sobs, I can tell you no more but that my Sister put on her best Cloaths Yesterday, and her fine Necklace, and went abroad, and has not been heard of since. I made search for my Daughter all over the Town; but could learn nothing of

her unhappy Fate: In the mean time the eldest, who doubtless repented of her jealous Fury, took on very much, and incessantly bewailed the Death of her Sister; she denied her self all manner of Food, and so put an end to her deplorable Days.

Such, continued the Governor, such is the State of Mankind! such are the unluckly Accidents to which they are exposed, However, my Child, added he, since we are both of us equally unfortunate, let's unite our Sorrow, and not abandon one another. I give you in Marriage a Third Daughter I have still left; she's younger than her Sisters, and takes after them in no manner of Way in her Conduct; besides she's handsomer than they were, and I assure you is of a Humour proper to make you happy. You shall have no other House but mine, and after my Death you and she shall be my universal Heirs. Sir, said I, I'm asham'd of all your Favours, and shall be never able to make you a sufficient Acknowledgment. That's enough, said he, interrupting me; let us not waste Time in idle Words. This said, he called for Witnesses, order'd the Contract of Marriage to be drawn, and so I married his Daughter without any Ceremony.

He was not satisfied with punishing the Jeweller that had falsely accused me; but confiscated for my Use all his Goods, which were very considerable. As for the rest, since you have been called to the Governor's House, you have seen what Respect they pay me there. I must tell you further, that a Man who was sent by my Uncles to *Egypt* on purpose to inquire for me there, passing through this City found me out, and came last Night and delivered me a Letter from them. They give me Notice of my Father's Death, and invited me to come and take Possession of his Estate at *Moussoul*! But as the Alliance and Friendship of the Governor has fixed me with him, and will not suffer me to remove from him; I have sent back the Express with an Order, which will secure to me what is my due. Now, after what you have heard, I hope you'll pardon my Incivility during the course of my Illness, in giving you my left in stead of my right Hand.

This, said the Jewish Physician, this is the Story I heard from the young Man of *Moussoul*. I continued at *Damascus* as long as the Governor lived; after his Death, being

in the Flower of my Age, I had a Curiosity to travel. Accordingly I went over *Persia* to the *Indies*, and came at last to settle in this your Capital, where I practise Physick with Reputation and Honour.

The Sultan of *Casgar* was pretty well pleased with this last Story. I must say, said he to the Jew, the Story you have told me is very odd; but I declare freely that of the little Hump is yet more extraordinary, and much more comical; so that you are not to expect that I'll give you your Life, no more than the rest, I'll hang you all Four. Pray, Sir, stay a Minute, said the Taylor, advancing forwards, and then prostrating himself at the Sultan's Feet; since your Majesty loves pleasant Stories, I have one to tell you that's very comical. Well, I'll hear thee too, said the Sultan; but do not flatter thy self that I'll suffer thee to live, unless thou tellest me some Adventure that's yet more diverting than that of the Hump-back'd Man. Upon this the Taylor, as if he had been sure of his Project, spoke very briskly to the following Purpose.

The Story told by the Taylor.

A Citizen of this City did me the Honour, two Days ago to invite me to a Treat, which he was to give to his Friends Yesterday Morning. Accordingly I went pretty early, and found there twenty Persons.

The Master of the House was gone out upon some Business, but in a very little time he came home, and brought with him a young Man, a Stranger, very well dress'd, and very handsome, but lame. When he came in, we all rose, and out of Respect to the Master of the House, invited the young Gentleman to sit down with us upon the *Sofa*. He was a going to sit down; but all on a sudden spying a Barber in our Company, he flew backwards, and made towards the Door. The Master of the House surprized at the Action, stopped him; where are you going, said he? I bring you along with me to do me the Honour of being my Guest among the rest of my Friends; and here you're no sooner got into my House, but you run away again. Sir, said the young Man, for God's sake do not stop me, let me go, I can't without Horror look upon that abominable Barber; though he's born in a Country where all the Natives
are.

are Whites, he resembles an *Ethiopian*; and when all is come to all, his Soul is yet blacker and more horrible than his Face.

Scheherazade perceiving Day, said no more for that Night; but next Day went on as follows.

The Hundred and Fifty Eighth Night.

WE were all surprized to hear the young Man speak so, continued the Taylor; and we began to have a very bad Opinion of the Barber, without knowing what Ground the young Man had for what he said. Nay, we protested we would not suffer any one to remain in our Company, that bore so horrid a Character. The Master of the House intreated the Stranger to tell us what Reason he had for hating the Barber. Gentlemen, said the young Man, you must know this cursed Barber is the Cause of my being lame, and fallen under the cruellest Accident that any one can imagine. For this Reason I have made an Oath to avoid all the Places where he is, and even not to stay in the Cities where he dwells. 'Twas for this Reason that I left *Bagdad*, where he then was; and travelled so far to settle in this City, in the Heart of great *Tartary*, a Place where I flattered my self I should never see him. And now after all, contrary to my Expectation, I find him here. This obliges me, Gentlemen, against my Will, to deprive my self of the Honour of being merry with you. This very Day I take leave of your Town, and will go if I can to hide my Head where he shall not come. This said, he would have left us, but the Master kept and intreated him to stay, and tell the Cause of his Aversion for the Barber, who all this while looked down and said ne'er a Word. We joined with the Master of the House in requesting him to stay, and at last the young Man giving way to our Instances, sat down upon the *Sofa*, and after turning his Back to the Barber that he might not see him, gave us the following Account.

My Father's Quality might have intitled him to the highest Posts in the City of *Bagdad*, but he always preferred a quiet Life to all the Honours he might deserve. I was always his only Child; and when he died I was already educated, and of Age to dispose of the plentiful Fortune he had left.

left me, which I did not squander away foolishly, but applied it to such Uses, that every Body respected me for my Conduct.

I had not been yet disturbed with Passion : I was so far from being sensible of Love, that I acknowledge, perhaps to my Shame, that I cautiously avoided the Conversation of Women. One Day walking in the Streets, I saw a great Company of Ladies before me ; and that I might not meet 'em, turned down a narrow Lane just by, and sat down upon a Bench by a Door. I sat over against a Window where there stood a Pot with Pretty Flowers ; and I had my Eyes fix'd upon this, when all on a sudden the Window opened, and a young Lady appeared whose Beauty was dazzling. Immediately she cast her Eyes upon me ; and in watering the Flower-Pot with a Hand whiter than Alabaster ; looked upon me with a Smile, that inspir'd me with as much Love for her, as I had formerly an Aversion for all Women. After having watred all her Flowers, and darted upon me a Glance full of Charms that quite pierced me Heart, she shut the Window again, and so left me in inconceivable Trouble and Disorder.

I had dwelt upon these Thoughts long enough, if a Noise that arose in the Streets had not brought me to myself. Alarmed with the Noise, I turned my Head in a rising Posture, and saw it was the upper *Cadis* of the City, mounted on a Mule, and attended by five or six Servants ; alighted at the Door of that House, where the young Lady had open'd the Window, and went in there ; from whence I concluded he was the young Lady's Father.

I went home in a different sort of Humour from what I brought with me ; toss'd with a Passion which was so much the more violent, that I had never felt its Assaults before : in fine, I went to Bed with a violent Fever upon me, which all the Family was mightily concerned at. My Relations, who had a great Love for me, were so alarmed with the sudden Disorder I was in, that they came about me, and importuned me to know the Cause ; which I took care not to reveal to 'em. My Silence created an Uneasiness, that the Physicians could not dispel, because they knew nothing of my Distemper, and by the Medicines they exhibited, rather inflam'd than repair'd it.

My

My Relations began to despair of my Life, when a certain old Lady of our Acquaintance, hearing I was ill, came to see me. She considered and examined every thing with great Attention, and dived, I do not know how, into the real Cause of my Illness. Then she took my Relations aside, and desired they would all retire out of the Room but her self.

When the Room was clear, she sat down on the side of my Bed. My Child, said she, you are very obstinate in concealing hitherto the Cause of your Illness; but you have no occasion to reveal it to me, I have Experience enough to penetrate into a Secret; you will not disown it your self, when I tell you 'tis Love that makes you sick. I can find a way to cure you, if you'll but let me know who that happy Lady is, that could move a Heart so insensible as yours; for you have the name of a Woman-Hater, and I was not the last that perceived that such was your Temper; but in short, what I foresaw has just come to pass, and I am now glad of the Opportunity to employ my Talent in bringing you out of your Pain.

Sir, said *Scheherazade*, I perceive 'tis Day. *Schahriar* rose presently, full of Impatience to know the Sequel of a Story, which he had heard begun.

The Hundred and Fifty Ninth Night.

SIR, said *Scheherazade*, the lame young Man pursued his Story thus. The old Lady, said he, having talked to me in this Fashion; paused, expecting my Answer; but tho' what she had said had made a strong Impression upon me, I durst not lay open to her the Bottom of my Heart, I only turn'd to her, and fetch'd a deep Sigh, without saying any thing. Is it Bashfulness, said she, that keeps you from speaking? Or is it want of Confidence in me? Do you doubt of the Effect of my Promise? I could mention to you an infinite Number of young Men of your Acquaintance, that have been in the same Condition with you, and have received Relief from me.

In fine, the good Lady told me so many things more, that I broke Silence, declared to her my Evil, pointed out to her the Place where I had seen the Object which caused it, and unravell'd all the Circumstances of my Adventure!

ture! If you succeed said I, and procure me the Felicity of seeing that charming Beauty, and revealing to her the Passion which I burn for her, you may depend upon it I'll be grateful. My Son, said the old Woman, I know the Lady you speak of, she is, as you judg'd right, the Daughter of the first *Cadis* of the City: I think it no wonder that you are in Love with her. She is the handsomest, comliest Lady in *Bagdad*, but what I most boggle at, is, that she's very proud, and of difficult Access. You see how strict our Judges are in injoyning the punctual Observance of severe Laws that mew up Women under such a burdensome Constraint: And they are yet more strict in the Observation of 'em in their own Families, nay, which adds to all, the *Cadis* you saw is more rigid in that Point than all the other Magistrates put together. They are always preaching to their Daughters what a heinous Crime it is to shew themselves to Men, and by this Means the Girls themselves are so pre-possess'd with the Notion, that they make no other use of their two Eyes, but to conduct them along the Streets, when Necessity obliges 'em to go abroad. I do not say absolutely, that the first *Cadis's* Daughter is of that Humour; but that does not hinder, but that I fear to meet with as great Obstacles on her Side as on her Father's. Would to God you had lov'd any other Lady, then I had not had so many Difficulties to surmount. However I shall imploy all my Wits to compass the thing, only time is required. In the mean time do you take Heart and trust in me.

The old Woman took leave of me; and as I weigh'd within my self all the Obstacles she had been talking of, the the Fear of her not succeeding in her Enterprize inflamed my Illness. Next Day she came again, and I read in her Countenance, that she had no favourable News to impart. In Effect, she spoke thus. My Child, I was not mistaken in the matter, I have somewhat else to conquer besides the Vigilance of a Father, you love an indifferent insensible Girl, that takes Pleasure in making every one burn with Love, that suffer themselves to be charm'd by her; when she has once gain'd that Point, she will not design them the least Comfort. She heard me with Pleasure, when I spoke of nothing but the Torment she made you undergo; but I no sooner began to enter upon the influencing her to allow you to see her, and converse with her, but with a terrible
Look;

Look ; You're very bold, said she, to make such a Proposal to me ; I discharge you ever to see me again with such discourse in your Mouth.

Do not let this cast you down, continued she, I am not easily disheartned, and if your Patience does but hold out, I am hopeful I shall compass my End. To shorten my Story, said the young Man, this good Procurefs made several fruitless Attempts on my Behalf with the proud Enemy of my Rest. The Fret I thereby underwent inflam'd my Distemper to that Degree, that my Physicians gave me quite over. So I was looked upon as a dead Man, when the old Woman came to give me Life.

That no Body might hear what was said, she whispered in my Ear ; remember now you owe me a Present for the good News I bring you. These Words produced a marvellous Effect ; I raised my self to sit up in the Bed, and with Transports made answer, You shall not be without a Present ; but what are the News you bring me. Dear Sir, said she, you shall not die this bout ; I shall speedily have the Pleasure to see you in perfect Health, and very well satisfied with me. Yesterday being *Monday*, I went to see the Lady you love, and I found her in a very good Humour. As soon as I came in, I put on a sad Countenance, and fetched many deep Sighs, and began to squeeze out some Tears. My good Mother, said she, what's the Matter with you, why are you so cast down ! Alas, my dear and honourable Lady, said I, I have been just now with the young Gentleman I spoke to you of the other Day ; his Business is done ; he's giving up his Life for the Love of you ; 'tis a great Injury, I'll assure you, and there's a great deal of Cruelty on your side. I am at a loss to know, replied she, for what you mean me to be the Cause of his Death ; how can I have contributed to it ? How, replied I, did not you tell me t'other Day, that he sat before your Window when you opened it to water your Flower-Pot ? He then saw that Prodigy of Beauty, those Charms that your Looking-Glass represents to you every Day ; From that moment he languishes, and his Disease is risen to that height, that in fine he is reduced to that deplorable Condition I have mentioned to you.

At this Period, *Scheherazade* seeing Day, discontinued the Story till next Night, then she resumed it as follows.

The

The Hundred and Sixtieth Night.

SIR, the old Lady continued her Account of the Interview she had with the *Cadis's* Daughter. You remember well, added I, how rigorously you treated me the last time I was here, when I was offering to speak to you of his Illness, and to propose a Means to rescue him from the danger he was in; when I took leave of you, I went strait to his House, and he knew no sooner by my Countenance that I had brought no favourable Answer, than his Distemper increased. From that time, Madam, he's ready to die, and I do not know whether you can save his Life now, tho' you should take pity of him. This is just what I said to her, continued the old Woman. The fear of your Death shak'd her, and I saw her Face change Colour. Is it true what you say, said she? Has he actually no other Disease but what is occasioned by the Love of me? Ah! Madam, said I, that's too true, would to God it were false? Do you believe, said she, that the Hopes of seeing me would contribute any thing to rescue him from the Danger he's in? Perhaps it may, said I, and if you'll give me Orders, I'll try the Remedy. Well, said she, Sighing, make him hope to see me? but he can pretend to no other Favours from me, unless he aspires to marry me, and my Father gives his Consent to it. Madam, replied I, your Goodness overcomes me! I'll go and see for the young Gentleman, and tell him he is to have the Pleasure of an Interview with you: The properest time I can think of, said she, for granting him that Favour, is next *Friday* at the Time of Noon-Prayers. Let him take care to observe when my Father goes out, and then to come and plant himself over-against the House, if so be his Health permits him to come abroad. When he comes I shall see him thro' my Window, and shall come down and open the Door to him. We shall then converse together during Prayer-time; and he must be gone before my Father returns.

'Tis now *Tuesday*, continued the old Gentlewoman, you have from hence to *Friday* to recruit your Strength, and make the necessary Dispositions for the Interview. While the good old Gentlewoman was telling her Story, I felt my Illness increase, or rather by that time she had done,

done, I found my self perfectly well. Here, take this, said I, reaching out to her my Purse which was full, 'tis to you alone that I owe my Cure: I reckon this Money better employed than what I gave to the Physicians, who have done nothing but tormented me during the whole Course of my Illness.

When the Lady was gone, I found I had Strength enough to get up: And my Relations finding me so well, complimented me upon it, and went home.

Friday Morning the old Woman came just when I was dressing my self, and laying out the finest Cloaths I had, I do not ask you, says she, how you do: What you are about, is Intimation enough of your Health, but will not you bathe before you go to the first *Cadis's* House. That would take up too much time, said I, I'll content my self with calling a Barber to get my Head and Beard shaved. *Presently, I ordered one of my Slaves to call a Barber that could do his Business cleverly and expeditiously.*

The Slave brought me this Wretch you see here; who came in, and after saluting me, Sir, said he, you look as if you were not well. I told him I was just recovered of a fit of Sickness, I wish, said he, God may deliver you from all Mischance; may his Grace always go along with you. I hope, said I, he will grant your Wish, for which I am very much obliged to you. Since you are recovering of a fit of Sickness, said he, I pray God preserve your Health; but now pray let me know what Service I am to do; I have brought my Razors and my Lancets. do you desire to be Shaved or to be Bled; I replied, I am just recovered of a fit of Sickness I told you, and so you may readily judge I only want to be Shaved; come, make haste, do not lose time in prattling; for I am in haste, and precisely at noon I am to be at a Place.

Here the approach of Day interrupted *Scheherazade*; but next Night she pursued her Story thus.

The Hundred and Sixty First Night.

THE Barber, continued the young Lame Man, spent all his Time in opening his Case and preparing his Razors: Instead of putting Water in the Bason, he took a very handsome *Astrolabe* out of his Budget, and went very

very gravely out of my Room to the middle of the Yard to take the height of the Sun. Then he returned with the same grave pace, and entring my Room, Sir, said he, you'll be pleased to know this Day is *Friday* the 18th of the Month *Safar*, in the Year 653

* *This Year 653 is one of the Hegira, the common Epocha of the Mahometans, and answers to the Year 1255 from the Nativity of Christ; from whence we may conjecture that these Computations were made in Arabia about that time.*

† *As for the 7320 the Author is mistaken in that Computation. The Year 653, of the Hegira, and the 1255 of Christ, coincide only with the 1557 of the Era or Epocha of the Seleucides, which is the same with that of Alexander the Great, who is here called Iskender with the two Horns, according to the Expression of the Arabians.*

Predictions; I did not call you to consult your Chronology; you came hither to shave me, so pray shave me or be gone, and I'll call another Barber; Sir, said he, with a Dulness that put me out of all Patience, what Reason have you to be angry with me; You do not know that all Barbers are not like me; and that you'll scarce find such another, if you made it your Business to search. You only sent for a Barber; but here in my Person you have the best Barber in

* from the Retreat of our great Prophet from *Mecca* to *Medina*, and in the Years 7320 † of the Epocha of the great *Iskender* with two Horns; and that the Conjunction of *Mars* and *Mercury* signifies you can't choose a better time than this very Day, and this very Hour for being Shav'd. But on the other Hand the same Conjunction is a bad Presage to you. I learn from thence that this Day you run a great Risque, not indeed of losing your Life, but of an Inconvenience which will attend you, while you live. You are obliged to me for the Advice I now give you to take care to avoid it; I should be sorry if it be- fel you.

You may guess, Gentlemen, how vexed I was for having fallen into the Hands of such a prattling impertinent Barber; what an unseasonable Adventure it was for a Lover preparing for an Interview! I was quite angry! I do not trouble my Head, said I in Anger, with your Advice and

Bag-

Bagdad, an experienced Physician, a very profound Chymist, an infallible Astrologue, a finished Grammarian, a compleat Orator, a subtile Logician, a Mathematician perfectly well vers'd in Geometry, Arithmetick, Astronomy, and all the Divisions of *Algebra*; an Historian fully Master of the Histories of all the Kingdoms of the Universe. Besides, I know all Parts of Philosophy. I have all the Traditions upon my Fingers ends. I'm Poet, I'm Architect; nay, what is it I am not? There's nothing in Nature hidden from me. Your deceased Father, to whose Memory I pay a Tribute of Tears every time I think of him, was fully convinced of my Merit: he was fond of me, and spoke of me in all Companies, as the greatest Man in the World. Out of Gratitude and Friendship for him, I am willing to take up with you, to take you into my Protection; and guard you from all the Evils that your Stars may threaten.

When I heard all this Stuff, I could not forbear laughing notwithstanding my Anger. You impertinent Prattler, said I, will you have done, and begin to shave me?

Here *Scheherazade* stopp'd perceiving Day; but next Night pursued her Story of the lame young Man, in the following manner.

The Hundred and Sixty Second Night.

THE lame young Gentleman continuing his Story; Sir, replied the Barber to me, you affront me in calling me a Prattler; on the contrary, all the World gives me the honourable Title of Silent. I had Six Brothers that you might justly have called Prattlers; and that you may know them the better, the Name of the first was *Bacbouc*, of the second *Barbarah*, of the third *Bacbac*, of the fourth *Barbarak*, of the fifth *Alnaschar*, of the sixth *Schakabac*. These indeed were impertinent noisy Fellows; but for me who am a younger Brother, I am grave and concise in my Discourses.

For God's sake, Gentlemen, do but suppose you had been in my Place. What could I say when I saw my self so cruelly assassinated. Give him three Pieces of Gold, said I to the Slave, that was my House-keeper, and send him away, that he may disturb me no more. I will not

be shaved this Day. Sir, said the Barber, what do you mean by that? I did not come to see for you, it was you sent for me; and since it is so, I swear by the Faith of a Musselman, I will not stir out these Doors till I have shaved you. If you do not know my value, that is not my Fault. Your deceased Father did me more Justice. Every time he sent for me to let him Blood, he made me sit down by him, and then he was charmed in hearing what fine things I talked on. I kept him in a continual strain of Admiration I ravished him; and then when I had finished my Discourses; my God, cried he, you're an inexhaustible Source of Sciences, no Man can reach the Depth of your Knowledge. My dear Sir, said I again, you do me more Honour than I deserve. If I say any thing that's fine, 'tis owing to the favourable Audience you vouchsafe me; 'tis your Liberality that inspires me with the sublime Thoughts that have the Happiness to please you. One Day, when he was charmed with an admirable Discourse I had made him, give him, says he, an hundred Pieces of Gold, and invest him with one of my richest Robes. I received the Present upon the Spot, and presently I drew his *Horoscope*, and found it the happiest in the World. Nay, I was grateful still, I let him Blood with Cupping Glasses.

This was not all, he spun out, besides, another Harangue that was a large half Hour long. Fatigued in hearing him, and fretted at the loss of Time which was almost spent before I was half ready, I did not know what to say. No, said I, it is not impossible there should be another such Man in the World, that takes pleasure as you do in making People mad.

Day appearing, put *Scheherazade* to Silence at this Period; but the next Night she continued after this manner.

The Hundred and Sixty Third Night.

I Thought, said the lame young Man of *Bagdad*, that I should succeed better if I dealt mildly with my Barber. In the Name of God, said I, leave off all your fine Discourses, and dispatch me presently; I am called to attend an Affair of the last Importance, as I've told you already.

ready. Then he fell a laughing; it would be a laudable thing, said he, if our Minds were always in the same Strain; if we were always wise and prudent; however, I am willing to believe that if you are angry with me, 'tis your Distemper has caused that Change in your Humour; and for that Reason you stand in need of some Instructions, and you can't do better, than to follow the Example of your Father and your Grand-father. They came and consulted me upon all Occasions, and I can say without Vanity that they always extolled my Counsel. Pray mind it, Sir, Men never succeed in their Enterprizes without having recourse to the Advice of quick-sighted Men. The Proverb tells you, a Man can't be a wise Man without receiving Advice from the Wise. I am entirely at your Service, and you have nothing to do but to command me.

What! Can't I prevail with you then, said I, interrupting him? Leave off these long Discourses that tend to nothing but to split my Head to Pieces, and to detain me from the Place where my Business lies. Shave me, I say, or be gone; with that I started up in a Huff, stamping my Foot against the Ground.

When he saw I was angry in earnest; Sir, said he, do not be angry, we're a going to begin. Soon he washed my Head, and fell a shaving me; but he had not given four Sweeps of his Razor, but he stopped, saying, Sir, you're hasty, you should avoid these Transports that come only from the Devil. Besides, my Merit speaks, that you ought to have some more Consideration for me, with respect to my Age, my Knowledge, and my shining Virtues.

Go on and shave me, said I, interrupting him again, and do not speak; that is to say, replies he, you have some urgent Business to go about; I'll lay you a Wager I guess right. Why, I told you so these two Hours, said I, you ought to have done before now. Moderate your Passion, replied he, perhaps you have not maturely weighed what you are going about; when things are done precipitantly, they are generally repented of. I wish you would tell me what mighty Business this is, you're so earnest upon; I would tell you my Opinion of it: Besides you have time enough, since your Appointment is not till

Noon, and it wants Three Hours of that yet. I do not mind that, said I; Persons of Honour, and of their Word, are rather before their Time than after. But I forget that in amusing my self with Reasoning with you, I give into the Faults of your prattling Barbers; ha' done, ha' done, shave me.

The more haste I was in, the less haste he made. He laid down his Razor, and took up his Astrolabe; this done, he e'en laid down his Astrolabe, and took up his Razor again.

Here the Appearance of Day made *Scheherazade* silent; but next Night she pursued the same Thread thus.

The Hundred and Sixty Fourth Night.

THE Barber, continued the lame young Man, quitted his Razor again, and took up his Astrolabe a second time; and so left me half shaved to go and see precisely what a Clock it was. Back he came, and then, Sir, said he, I knew I was not mistaken, it wants three Hours of Noon, I'm sure of it, or else all the Rules of Astronomy are false. Just Heaven, cried I, my Patience is at an End, I can forbear no longer. You cursed Barber, you Barber of Mischief, I do not know what holds me from falling upon you, and strangling you. Softly, Sir, said he very calmly, without being moved by my Passion; you are not afraid of a Relapse; do not be in a Passion, I am going to serve you this Minute. In speaking these Words, he clapped his Astrolabe in his Case, and took up his Razor, which he had fixed to his Belt, and fell a shaving again; but all the while he shaved, the Dog could not forbear prattling. If you please, Sir, said he, to tell me, what Business 'tis you're going about at Noon, I could give you some Advice that may be of Use to you. To satisfy the Fellow, I told him, I was going to meet some Friends who were to regale me at Noon, and make merriment with me upon the Recovery of my Health.

When the Barber heard me talk of regaling; God bless you, this Day as well as all other Days, cried he; you put me in mind that Yesterday I invited Four or Five Friends to come and eat with me as this Day; indeed I had forgot it, and I have as yet made no Preparation for them. Do not let that trouble you, said I, though I dine abroad,
my

my House is always well provided. I make you a Present of what is in it; nay, besides I'll order you as much Wine as you have Occasion for, for I have excellent Wine in my Cellar. Only you must dispatch the shaving of me presently; and, pray do not mind it, whereas my Father made you Presents to incourage you to speak, I give you mine to make you hold your Peace.

He was not satisfied with the Promise I made him; God reward you, Sir, said he, for your Kindness; but pray shew me these Provisions now, that I may see if there will be enough to entertain my Friends. I would have them satisfied with the good Fare I make them. I have, said I, a Lamb, six Capons, a Dozen of Pullets, and enough to make Four Services of. I ordered a Slave to bring all before him, with Four great Pitchers of Wine. 'Tis very well, said the Barber, but we shall want Fruit and Sauce for the Meat. That I ordered likewise; but then he gave over shaving, to look over every Thing, one after another; and this Survey lasted almost half an Hour. I raged and storm'd, and went mad; but it signified nothing, the Coxcomb never troubled himself. However, he took up the Razor again, and shaved me for some Moments; then stopping all on a sudden; I could not have believed, Sir, that you would have been so liberal; I begin to perceive that your deceased Father lives again in you. Most certainly, I do not deserve the Favours with which you have loaded me; and I assure you I shall have 'em in perpetual Remembrance; for, Sir, to let you know it, I have nothing but what comes from the Generosity of honest Gentlemen, such as you; in which point I am like to *Zintout* that rubs the People in bathing, to *Sali* that cries boil'd Peas in the Streets, to *Salout* that sells Beans, to *Akerscha* that sells Greens, to *Aboumekarez* that sprinkles the Streets to lay the Dust, and to *Cassim* the Callif's Life-guard-man. Of all these Persons, not one is apt to be melancholy; they are neither peevish nor quarrelsome, they're more contented with their Lot than the Callif in the midst of his whole Court; they are always gay, ready to dance and to sing, and have each of them their peculiar Song and Dance, with which they divert the City of *Bagdad*; but what I esteem most in them is, that they are no great Talkers no more than your Slave, that has now the Honour to speak to you. Here, Sir, that's the Song

and Dance of *Zantout* that rubs the People in Baths; mind me, pray, and see if I do not imitate it exactly.

Scheherazade went no farther this Night, because she perceived Day; next Morning she continued her Story in the following Words.

The Hundred and Sixty Fifth Night.

THE Barber sung the Song and danced the Dance of *Zantout*, continued the lame Youth, and let me say what I could to oblige him to make an end of his Buffooneries, he did not give over till he imitated in like manner the Songs and Dances of the other People he had named. After that, addressing himself to me, I am a going, says he, to invite all these honest Persons to my House; if you'll take my Advice, you'll join in with us, and baulk your Friends yonder, who perhaps are noisy Prattlers, that will only tease you to Death with their nauseous Discourses, and make you fall into a Distemper worse than that you're so lately recovered of; whereas at my House you shall have nothing but Pleasure.

Notwithstanding my Anger I could not forbear Laughing at the Fellow's Impertinence. I wish I had no Business upon my Hands, said I; if I had not, I would accept of the Proposal you make me; I'd go with all my Heart to be merry with you; but I beg to be excused, I am too much engaged this Day; another Day I shall be more at Leisure, and then we shall make up that Company. Come, ha' done shaving me, and make haste to return home; perhaps your Friends are already come to your House. Sir, said he, do not refuse me the Favour I ask of you; come and be merry with the good Company I am to have: If you were but once in our Company, you would be so well pleased with it, you would forsake your Friends to come to us. Let's talk no more of that, said I; I can't be your Guest.

I found I gained no Ground upon him by mild Terms. Since you will not come to my House, replied the Barber, then pray let me go along with you: I'll go and carry these Things to my House, where my Friends may eat of 'em if they like 'em; and I'll return immediately; I would not be so uncivil as to leave you alone; you deserve the Complaisance at my Hands. Heavens, cried I, then I shall not

get

get clear of this troublesome Man this Day. In the Name of the living God, said I, leave off your unseasonable Jargon; go to your Friends, drink, eat, and be merry with them, and leave me at my Liberty to go to mine. I have a Mind to go alone, I have no Occasion for Company: Besides I must needs tell you, the Place to which I go is not a Place where you can be received; no Body must come there but I. You jest, Sir, said he, if your Friends have invited you to a Feast, why should you hinder me to accompany you? You'll please them, I am sure, by carrying thither a Man that can speak comically like me, and knows how to divert Company agreeably. But, say what you will, the thing is resolved upon; I will go along with you in spite of your Teeth.

These Words, Gentlemen, made me very uneasy. How shall I get rid of this cursed Barber, thought I to my self? If I do not snub him roundly, we shall ne'er have done contesting. Besides, I heard then the first call to Noon-Prayers; and it was time for me to go. In fine, I resolved to say nothing at all, and to make as if I consented to his Proposal. By that time he had done shaving me; then I said to him, take some of my Servants to carry these Provisions along with you, and return hither; I'll stay for you, and shall not go without you.

At last he went, and I dress'd my self nimbly.

I heard the last Call to Prayers, and made haste to set out, but the malicious Barber, jealous of my Intention, went with my Servants only within Sight of the House, and stood there till he saw 'em enter his House; having hid himself upon the turning of a Street with intent to observe and follow me. In fine, when I arrived at the *Cadis's* Door, I looked back and saw him at the Head of the Street, which fretted me to the last Degree.

The *Cadis's* Door was half open, and as I went in I saw an old Woman waiting for me, who after she had shut the Door, conducted me to the Chamber of the young Lady I was in Love with; but we had scarce begun our Interview when we heard a Noise in the Streets. The young Lady put her Head to the Window, and saw through the Grate, that it was the *Cadis* her Father returning already from Prayers. At the same time I looked through the Window and saw the Barber sitting over-against the House, in the

same Place where I had seen the young Lady before.

I had then two things to fear, the Arrival of the *Cadis*, and the Presence of the Barber. The young Lady mitigated my Fear of the first, by assuring me the *Cadis* came but very seldom to her Chamber, and as she had foreseen that this Misadventure might happen, she had contrived a Way to convey me out safe: But the Indiscretion of the accursed Barber made me very uneasy; and you shall hear that this my Uneasiness was not without Ground.

As soon as the *Cadis* was come in, he caned one of his Slaves that deserved it. The Slave made horrid Shouts which were heard in the Streets; the Barber thought it was I that cried out, and that I was maltrated. Prepossess'd with this Thought, he screamed out most fearfully, rent his Cloaths, and threw Dust upon his Head, and called the Neighbourhood to his Assistance. The Neighbourhood came, and ask'd what ail'd him, and what Relief he wanted that they could give. Alas, cried he, they are assassinating my Master, my dear Patron: and without saying any other thing he run all the way to my House, with the very same Cry in his Mouth. From thence he returned, followed by all my Domesticks, armed with Battoons. They knocked with unconceivable Fury at the *Cadis's* Door, and the *Cadis* sent a Slave to see what the matter was, but the Slave being frightened, returned to his Master crying, Sir, above ten Thousand Men are going to break into your House by Force.

Immediately the *Cadis* run himself, opened the Door, and asked what they wanted. His venerable Presence could not inspire them with Respect. They insolently said to him, you cursed *Cadis*, you Dog of a *Cadis*, what Reason have you to assassinate our Master? What has he done to you? Good People, replied the *Cadis*, for what should I assassinate your Master whom I do not know, and who has done no Offence; my House is open to you, come see and search. You bastonado'd him, said the Barber, I heard his Cries not above a Minute ago. But pray, replies the *Cadis*, what Offence could your Master do to me, to oblige me to abuse him after that rate? is he in my House? If he is, how came he in, or who should have introduced him? Ah! wretched *Cadis*, cries the Barber, you and your
long

long Beard shall never make me believe what you say; what I say I know to be true; your Daughter is in Love with our Master, and gave him a meeting during the Time of Noon-Prayer; you without doubt have had Notice of it, you returned home, and surprized him, and made your Slaves bastonade him; but this your wicked Action shall not pass with Impunity; the Califf shall be acquainted with it, and he will give true and brief Justice. Let him come out, deliver him to us immediately; or if you do not, we'll go in and take him from you to your Shame. There's no occasion for so many Words, replied the *Cadis*, nor to make so great a Noise: If what you say is true, go in and find him out, I give you free Liberty. Thereupon the Barber and my Domesticks rushed into the House like Furies, and looked for me all about.

Scheherazade perceiving Day, stopped at this Period. *Schahriar* rose, laughing at the indiscreet Zeal of the Barber, and curious to know what pass'd in the *Cadis's* House, and by what Accident the young Man became lame. Next Night the Sultane's satisfied his Curiosity, and resumed the Story in the following Words.

The End of the Fourth Volume.

